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An Editorial

AUGUST 20, 1976

NATIONAL REVIEW

They Almost Stole the Bicentennial

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Jimmy Carter: How You Gonna Get Him Back on the Farm?

JAMES JACKSON K

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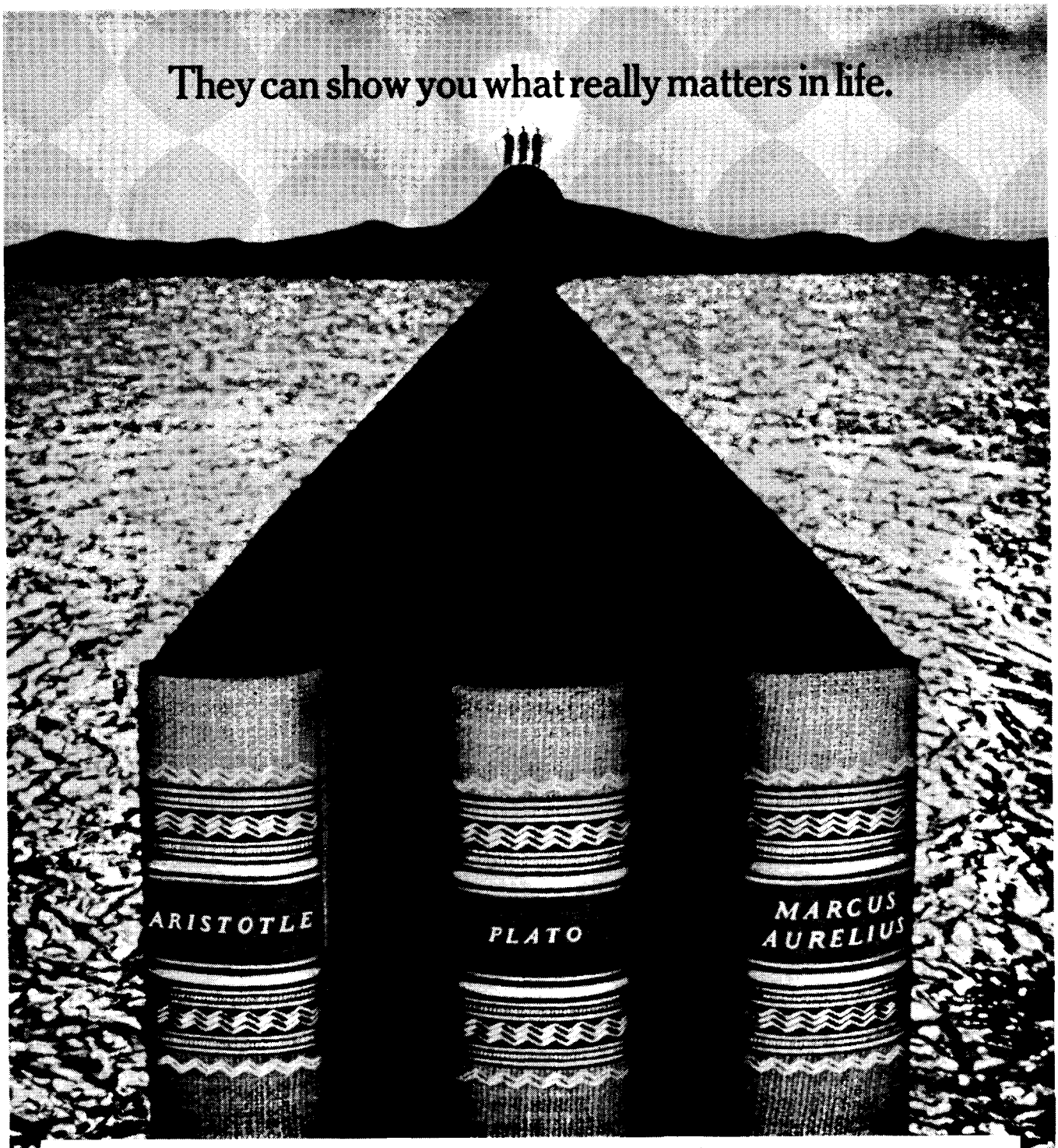

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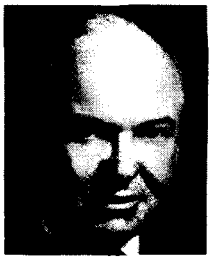

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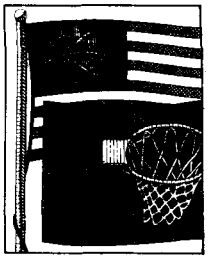

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ARTICLES

886 **How You Gonna Get Him Back on the Farm?**
Despite the foregone conclusion, this Convention was anything but a bore. It bore eloquent witness to the political genius of the Democratic Party, and to that of its new standard-bearer, who surely navigated his campaign through what Newman once called "the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and No." But Jimmy Carter may find that there are liens on his multifarious popularities: to be for one thing is to be, however indirectly, against something else *somewhere*; and it will be hard to sustain the illusion that he is pro-everyone and -everything. He is smart enough to win a nomination. Is he durable enough to win a nation?
James J. Kilpatrick

898 **They Almost Stole the Bicentennial**
Messrs. Schlesinger, Rifkin, et al., seeing their compatriots fixing to have themselves a bang-up time, took it all very personally. "As if," as Edmund Burke put it, "the constitution of our country were to be always a subject rather of altercation, than enjoyment." Their homilies notwithstanding, a good time was had by practically all.
Chilton Williamson Jr.

900 **Get Them Fell In**
"On the BBC," said the moderator icily, "we do not talk about 'loony-bins.' "
Auberon Waugh

ARTS & MANNERS

902 **Basketball, Amen**
Evidence that, *pace* Mr. Trudeau, sport is still sport. *Terry Eastland*

903 **Exhibitions and Inhibitions**
Now and again, curators of museums rediscover their own treasures. *Ruth Berenson*

904 **Heading Home**
Amtrak offers an almost forgotten way to see America. It may be addictive.
Priscilla L. Buckley

BOOKS

905 Doris Kearns misses the point of her own book about LBJ—rather as if Gatsby's story had been told by Daisy. *Robert W. Merry*

906 Peter De Vries hears America swinging, and transcribes with his usual expertise.
D. Keith Mano

908 Bruno Bettelheim is nominated for the Peter Pan Pulitzer. *Clare Boothe Luce*

909 Francis Russell inspects *The President Makers: From Mark Hanna to Joseph P. Kennedy.* *David Brudnoy*

910 *A New Life of Anton Chekhov* aims only to present its subject as he really was, and succeeds. *John Simon*

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885 **Nostalgia and Weapons**
The XM-1s and B-1s are lovely to look at, but what have they to do with the war we are in? *James Burnham*

901 **The Ford Mentality**
Mr. Ford is not only dull in himself, but the cause that dullness is in other men.
Russell Kirk

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas

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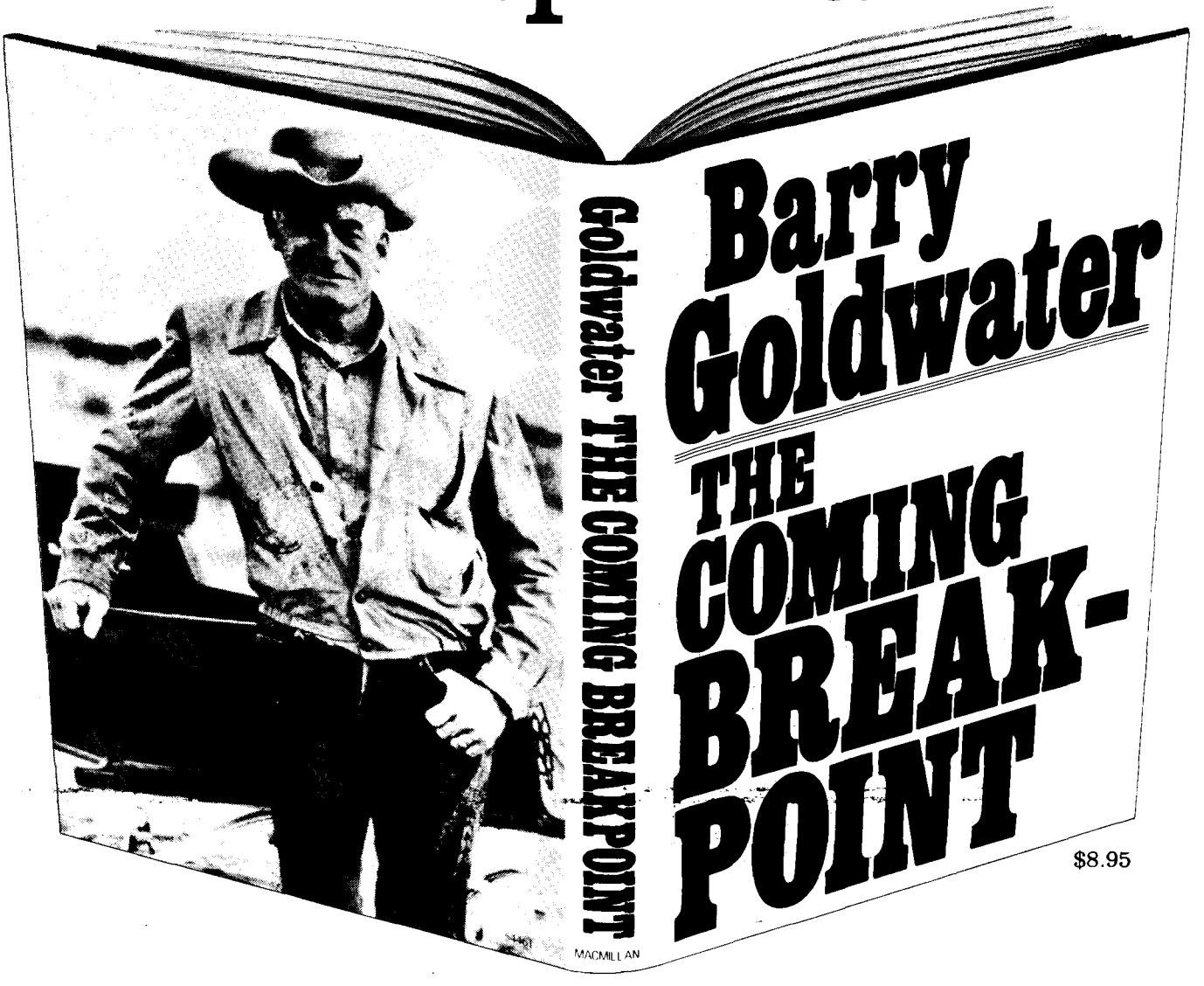
A major policy statement by the man who has become "Mr. Republican."



"We may be witnessing the last hurrah of the American system of government based on ordered justice," says Barry Goldwater. With appropriate anger, he attacks the people behind the system's decline and proposes workable steps Americans must take to effect a turn-around.

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Letters

Ripsey Rampsey

John Greenway seems to hate politicians almost as much as he hates Indians ["Presidents and Poetasters," August 6]. There's something in his piece guaranteed to enrage anyone: for Indians, ". . . how he had benefited mankind by killing an Indian instead of subsidizing him"; for those who admire Thomas Jefferson, "I give you the third President of the United States, Tricky Tom Jefferson"; for those who admire Lincoln, "there was a mythical fellow invented by Carl Sandburg, often confused, as an astute historian put it, with a Civil War politician by the same name"; for those who oppose assassination, "The very best thing a President can do for himself and his country is to die violently in office"; for those under twenty, or over fifty, "the children of fifty years ago were every bit as dumb as our own Most Enlightened Generation since Creation"; and for anyone who has studied enough literature to know that the greatest twentieth century American novelist—arguably the greatest American novelist—was a Southerner, "I fear the Southern rhyming was less racial than regional." Greenway is the Bobby Riggs of journalism.

Minneapolis, Minn. WILLIE ERICKSON

Hats Back On?

Has anything of more importance been said recently on the subject than Barbara Nauer's "Hats Off to Jesse Jackson" [June 25]? Her findings are perhaps not new, but when has someone deeply involved and dedicated to the black issue seen such light or had the courage to articulate it? The inherent dangers of being misunderstood and/or accused of copping out make this piece invaluable as the "other view" among academicians. I suspect she has exhausted herself in the cause.

I shall attempt to have this essay reprinted in our college paper with more hope of a better understanding of the problem than I've felt in many years. Let's have another Nauer article soon.

Ogden, Utah DOROTHEA MASUR

Barbara Nauer's "Hats Off to Jesse Jackson" is a splendid essay on one teacher's decision to leave the field of black education. No doubt many educators (black and white) in our inner cities have encountered the same humiliating experiences.

Yet despite the excellence of the bulk of this article, I am shocked that the author advocates the Reverend Jesse Jackson as a role-model for black youth, using an obscure incident reported in *America* magazine as her justification.

Is this reason enough for black youth to emulate Reverend Jackson? I think not. The fact is that Reverend Jackson's longtime association with leftist and liberal causes should be cause to reject him as a model for blacks, or anybody else for that matter. From his support of minimum wage laws to his present advocacy of the Humphrey-Hawkins bill, he has shown that he is totally ignorant of the proper means of aiding the black people—that being the free market. Instead he is replacing the paternalism of the nineteenth century Southern slave-master with that of the twentieth century paternalistic Federal Government bureaucrat.

If I were Mrs. Nauer, I would have entitled my article, "Hats Off to Reverend Leon Sullivan" (the founder of Opportunities Industrial Centers). His advocacy of the marketplace is more consonant with the needs of all minorities.

Dallas, Tex. DAVID A. WILLIAMS

I wasn't able to shake off the feeling that Barbara Nauer's approach was too narrow, parochial, and perhaps even biased. She places the responsibility for the ethical deprivation of black children solely upon a group of scheming sheep-skinned wolves who had the prescience to plan for an influx of minority kids whom they could devour alive. It's too fantastic to be true.

For the sad fact is that the deprivation of children is a phenomenon encompassing all the strata of our society, inside or outside schools. Poor and rich are equally affected. It is sufficient to observe the behavior of children on streets, in parks, in subways, etc. to conclude that we are witnessing an invasion of barbarians destroying the civilization we pretend to be so proud of.

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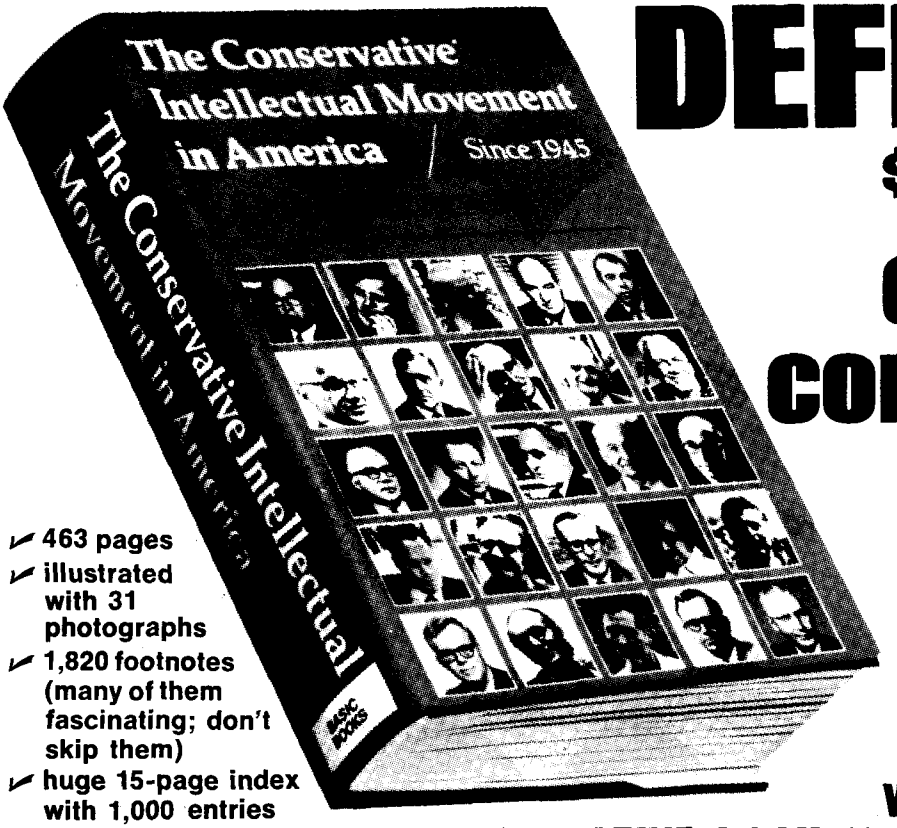
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There are many explanations of the evil, the most convincing being the decay of moral standards of the society and of its basic cell—the family. An apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

It is good that Reverend Jackson is trying to introduce discipline. How about the others?

BORYS KORCYN-ZUKOWSKI
Forest Hills, N.Y.

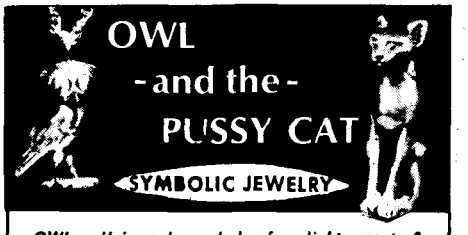
Corrections

In the editorial "Reagan in Stride: III" ["The Week," May 28] there is a reference to Admiral Elmo Zumwalt as former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Admiral Zumwalt never attained to the high position of Chairman, but had to content himself with Chief of Naval Operations, the highest position for a naval officer *within* the naval establishment. I do not know if the current Chairman, or the Chairman at the time Zumwalt was in power, shares Reagan's views, but the United States Naval Institute's *Proceedings* has had articles by high-ranking military and civilians which do support his views.
Mare Island, Calif. ROBERT W. JEWELL

Had the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW consulted my book on public-employee unions, *Let Our Cities Burn*—which sadly they did not find it in their hearts to review—they would not have made the egregious boo-boo ["The Week," July 23] of stating that the National Education Association "has in the past eschewed partisan politics."

If I may quote myself: "Helen Wise, who took over as president in 1974, told the *New York Times* that the NEA elected '141 of 184 congressional candidates' it supported at a cost of $3 million. 'Over the next several months,' she said, the NEA would 'pump time—millions and millions of dollars worth of it—into the campaigns of candidates' who supported NEA objectives."

Miss Wise also boasted at an NEA meet-



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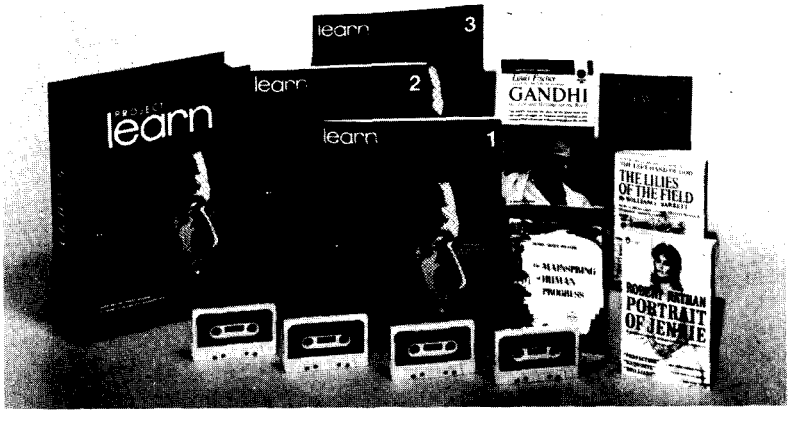

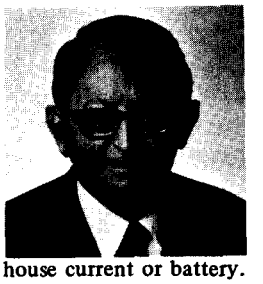

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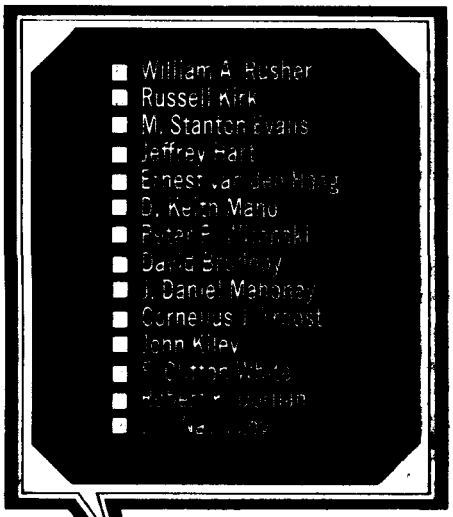

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ing of its tremendous success in electing everything from governors to congressmen and noted with satisfaction that Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island attributed his re-election to the NEA.

The NEA has been engaged in partisan politics for some time, and up to its gluteus maximus. The only difference between the past and the present is that NEA is now in it up to its second chin.

Washington, D.C. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Pentecost

Malachi Martin is one of my life's good guys, a straight arrow courageous enough to say loud and clear that the devil is alive and well and no mere abstraction. So it is painful for me to confront the several gross inaccuracies exhibited in his "Pentecost 1976" [June 11].

Where has this commentator, a loyal Catholic, been during the rising of the faith-filled Catholic pentecostal movement? At home, it would seem, looking at "press photographs and film clips." Out among the Catholics stand the facts. Pentecostals are in fact *ordinary* in exactly the senses that Martin reserves for that term. Their number includes hundreds of families who own tents or campers, young and old monks and priests, wholesome long-haired teenagers, nuns in long habits that remind us of our childhoods, and not a few bishops and monsignori. Why Martin's distaste for such folk?

Part of his objection is theological. "There is not going to be a second Pentecost," he writes, "for the simple reason that only one was necessary." What Dr. Martin apparently has in mind is the "baptism in the Spirit" that is experienced by every pentecostal. To persons who only hear about this from a distance, it does indeed seem to involve claims of a second Pentecost, or at least a second baptism or confirmation.

However, in relation to the sacraments, even the most cautious orthodoxy provides for distinctions between our experience of Divine and human time. Eucharistic theology affords the best example. The Incarnation was plainly the only one necessary. But the Church solemnly teaches that every single mass or liturgy is the Sacrifice of Calvary and the Last Supper *done over again*. So too with pentecostals' anointing by the Spirit.

But all of Dr. Martin's reservations notwithstanding, I believe I can speak for most pentecostals, especially Catholic ones, in warmly inviting him to a more fully realized life in the Spirit. "Come on in, Malachi. The fire's fine."

Oakland, Calif. BARBARA NAUER

I read with interest Malachi Martin's column "Pentecost 1976." The thesis developed in the first paragraph, which was the foundation for the whole article, was interesting; however, I felt he failed to do justice to his position. To reinforce his premise I am surprised he did not quote Acts 2:13, where the onlookers said, "The rational unemotional logic of these men is without refutation." Or in Mark 11:15 we read about the dynamic influence of our Lord, who said, "You men know you should not buy or sell in the temple, will you please turn over your tables and scatter everything." Finally, the ultimate reinforcement for Mr. Martin's hypothesis was the crucifixion of Jesus because he was "a gentle and unobtrusive person."

APO New York JOSEPH A. MARCHBANKS
Chaplain, U.S. Army

Busing Shock

Your editorial of April 16 referring to the "enormous shock" caused by the vote of the Newton School Committee to prohibit one of its elementary schools from participating in a "pairways" program misses the issue.

While Newton may have been liberal in its political complexion until last November, its complexion changed radically, at least with respect to the School Committee. Four incumbent supporters of "innovative" departures and free spending were soundly defeated in their re-election bids. This came as a shock in a community where no School Committee incumbent had been defeated in 24 years. The School Committee now leans moderate to conservative by a 6 to 2 ratio.

The definition of metropolitanization quoted by you ("People in the suburbs [take it] to mean the niggers are coming") is the usual copout. How about an article explaining what the pairways program was all about and how it deserved to fail on its merits.

Newton, Mass. ROBERT COHEN
Newton School Committee

Modified Cheer

Thanks for a refreshing piece, Wm. F. Rickenbacker's "Test Case" [May 28]. As a reformed "conservative," I find my gift subscription to *NR* generally a boring trip in that it falls far short of today's necessary remedy, libertarianism.

If there were only more Hong Kongs in this world, on a national scale, I suspect "civilization" might even say it had achieved a high social development.

Hilo, Hawaii DON SMITH

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Both parties have strategy already set for November. If **Ford** is nominated, Democrats will remember the **Watergate** and Ford's pardon. If **Reagan** gets it, "it'll be **Barry Goldwater** all over again," in the words of one Democrat. **Schweiker's** selection, however, should make this tactic less effective. . . . GOP has already fired first salvo at **Jimmy Carter**. **Republican National Committee** sent to 8,500 news organizations a packet of some of the unfavorable press Carter got as Georgia governor. GOP will also contrast nominee's morality with that of his Washington colleagues. . . . Meanwhile, another former Georgia governor is running for President. **Lester Maddox** is seeking presidential nomination of **American Independent Party**, which holds its convention August 26 to 28. . . . **Henry Guigni**, an aide to Senator **Daniel Inouye** (D., Hawaii), has testified that he gave his boss $1,200 of an illegal $5,000 Gulf Oil contribution to cover out-of-pocket expenses. Guigni said he didn't tell Inouye where the money came from and his boss didn't ask. The transaction took place in early 1973, when Inouye was serving on Senate Watergate committee.

■ At the seventh annual meeting of the **National League of Families of MIAs**, Representative **G. V. (Sonny) Montgomery**, chairman of House select committee on missing persons in Southeast Asia, said he has been forced to conclude that "our MIAs lost their lives in the service of their country." . . . The bitter Ford-Reagan contest, plus Carter's strong showing in early polls, has prompted some House Republicans to talk of the demise of the GOP. Representative **John Anderson** (Ill.) told the *Congressional Quarterly* that if the GOP lost White House, party "could slip into semi-anonymity." Representative **William Armstrong** (Colo.) went further: "If we lose the White House and don't score substantial gains in the House, then it's plausible to talk about another party."

Mahood, *Punch* Rothco

"If God had really wanted us to grow wheat, Boris, he would have let us emigrate to America."

■ Spirit of **Helsinki**, one year later: Soviet dissidents report USSR 1) has lightened a few prison sentences but also made deliberate "show of toughness" in other political arrests and sentences, 2) has worsened some conditions of imprisonment, 3) has made it harder for information on prison and labor camp conditions to reach the outside world. . . . **Andrei Amalrik**, expelled from USSR, says he will settle in Netherlands. He is planning a book on political surveillance in Russia. . . . Israeli leaders are seeking ways to entice Soviet émigrés. In 1974, only 25 per cent of **Soviet Jewish émigrés** didn't settle in Israel; recently figure has increased to 60 per cent. . . . The **Cuban** withdrawal from **Angola** will be very drawn out. **Castro** says his troops will stay in Angola "as long as is necessary until the armed forces of the Republic of Angola are organized and trained to repel any invasion." . . . A **Norwegian oil industry** executive has accused the Soviets of "outright sabotage." A Soviet submarine, destroyer, and trawlers with electronic equipment have been shadowing pipelaying operations. A few weeks ago, a trawler struck and damaged a pipeline. . . . The **Chilean economy** seems finally to be coming under control. Chile now boasts a balance of payments surplus of $250 million; an increase in agricultural production of 20 per cent; and an inflation rate of (only!) 120 per cent—down from 700 per cent.

■ *NR*'s **William Rickenbacker** and California attorney **Lewis K. Uhler** have announced the formation of a **National Tax Limitation Committee**, whose mission is twofold: 1) coordinate efforts of various state organizations seeking to limit portion of personal income state may take in taxes; 2) serve as clearinghouse for information concerning constitutional tax limitation. NTLC can be reached at two addresses: 55 Capitol Mall, Sacramento, California or Box 1000, Briarcliff Manor, New York. . . . *NR* contributor **Charley Wiley**, GOP candidate for Congress from New Jersey's 15th CD, has called upon Sweden and other countries that were outraged when Spain executed Basque terrorists to explain their reticence over recent Angolan executions of American and British mercenaries.

■ Just in case any more proof was needed that Washington is where the action is: **Al Goldstein**, publisher of *Screw*, has announced his candidacy for Congress from New York's 18th CD on the slate of the Free Libertarian Party.

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THE WEEK

■ Breaking an old tradition, the *New York Times* has solicited divine intervention in American politics: ". . . Mr. Reagan's early choice of his running-mate has . . . [given] the delegates and the public a clearer idea of what they'd be getting if, God forbid, the Californian proved to be the nominee . . ." There are no atheists in the foxholes.

■ You've heard of Carter's thousand-dollar kids; now the latest in child lobbying comes from—where else?—California, where a San Diego schoolteacher encouraged his fifth-grade charges to write to their congressman in support of a controversial coastline preservation bill which he was opposing. The junior politicians were further instructed to use "whatever language you wish to express yourselves," and the resulting communications were filled with murder threats, ethnic slurs, and references to homosexuality, incest, and necrophilia. Defenders of the teacher claim that the whole project was just a "little slip"—to which one state senator replied, "Well, I believe the teacher deserves another 'little slip' —a pink one."

■ In response to a flood of critical mail, Jimmy Carter has acknowledged that he finds the Democratic platform "a little bit too liberal, too permissive" on abortion. How do you make it a little bit less liberal, less permissive? Limit abortions to one per customer? He didn't say. As in so many instances, Carter's statement that he is "personally opposed" to such-and-such is a politic sop to those he doesn't intend to lift a finger to help.

■ Boston, Chicago, and a score of other cities, having tried everything else except economy to bolster their shaky financial positions, are trying to make it illegal for city employees to live outside the city limits. The idea is to stop the tax base and the neighborhoods from deteriorating further (an incidental benefit, in the case of policymaking bureaucrats, would be to make them live with the conditions they help create). In most cities, there is, understandably, going to be a fight: it is unpleasant and expensive to move; some people simply prefer country or suburban living; is residency more important than being a good teacher or fireman? Where there is not going to be much of an effective fight is in the United States' last czardom, Chicago. Mayor Daley has ordered all city workers to move into the city before fall. "There's no punishment if they don't," the Mayor explained. "All they do is lose their jobs."

■ New Jersey now has an income tax. It happened like this. The state Supreme Court ruled that the state's method of financing schools—through local property taxes—was unconstitutional, since it resulted in gross inequalities among the school districts. It ordered the schools closed until a better system was invented. The people's elected representatives gathered and deliberated and took a long time to do their duty, which of course is to knuckle under to the Court. A few were so insolent as to ask whether it wasn't the judiciary rather than the legislature whose behavior violated the constitutional structure. But nobody came up with the appropriate remedy, to borrow a judicial phrase. After all, New Jersey is no different from anywhere else.

■ The sun has set on yet another part of the world where, three-quarters of a century ago, it scarcely dared to hide behind a cloud: the last British army units are withdrawing from Oman, thus signalling the end of the once formidable British presence in the Middle East. For one hundred and fifty years the Indian Ocean was a sort of British lake, but for the past five years the Soviet Union has been strengthening its position in that part of the Arabian Sea through which the Persian Gulf passes and repasses supertankers bound for the NATO countries, Japan, and the United States. Russian ships touch at Somalia, and Russian planes land there, where also are stationed Russian missiles and 2,500 Russian military advisors; the Soviets' Indian Ocean Squadron is serviced at the island of Socotra in the Gulf of Aden. So far, though, there is no Kipling to hymn the praises of this new empire as it gathers to itself new territories, expanding yet further a grisly domain upon which it may be said that the sun never rises.

■ "The ugly German" is replacing "the ugly American" as an object of leftist opprobrium. With an election coming up in October, Chancellor Schmidt has been pointing out to his constituents how much better off financially West Germany is than her neighbors. Unfortunately, those neighbors overheard, and were reminded by this "tactlessness" that they were angry at Schmidt anyway. At the conference of European socialists at Elsinore this winter, Schmidt warned, as many serious Western analysts have warned elsewhere (see "The Protracted Conflict," July 9), of the dangers of allowing Communists into a government. Harold Wilson and other northern European leaders backed Schmidt;

The Mother

I learned to live with Eleanor;
  I stomached Mother Rose.
When Jackie played Queen Guinevere
  I simply held my nose.
If Rosalynn's First Lady, I'll
  Endure, like Uncle Tom,
But I could *never* integrate
  With Jimmy Carter's Mom.

W. H. von Dreele

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CONSERVATIVES DISCONTENTED WITH FORD POLICIES
A SKEPTICAL LOOK AT FORD'S ANTI-INFLATION PLANS
WHO IS WINNING WORLD WAR III?
NEW DRIVE FOR ANTI-BUSING AMENDMENT
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RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION CONTINUES IN U.S.S.R.
REVOLUTIONARIES' SECRET BOMB FACTORIES
THE STATE OF CONSERVATISM
GUN CONTROL NOT THE ANSWER
THE ZEALOTS BEHIND THE AMNESTY CAMPAIGN
UNION TERRORISM RAGES THROUGH NATION
DEATH PENALTY ISSUE IS STILL ALIVE
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Cabell Phillips in the New York *Times*

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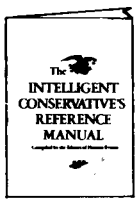

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southerners, led by François Mitterrand of France, whose Socialists are half of a formal United Front with the Communists, were livid, and still accuse Schmidt of interfering in the internal affairs of France, Italy, Portugal, Spain. The recent suicide of terrorist Ulrike Meinhof while in prison, which brought to mind the anti-radical laws West Germany has imposed, also touched off accusations by European leftists that Germany was engaging in fascist tactics.

■ Having been a neutral in World War II, Switzerland was not considered "peaceloving" by the founders of the United Nations and was barred from joining the UN at its inception. The Swiss, like their predecessors the elephants, do not forget. Last year Switzerland approved an $80-million interest-free loan to underdeveloped nations proposed by its Socialist Foreign Minister. However, the right-wing opposition leader forced a referendum on the proposed loan—and last month the voters duly rejected it. The recession and last year's sizable government deficit affected the outcome, but the voters' major objection was that the money would have been funneled through a UN agency. The Swiss sensibly want to get no closer to the UN than is necessary to collect the rent for those Geneva meeting halls.

■ There is such a thing, it appears, as too much happiness, at least of the socialist kind. Sweden is due for her triennial general election in September, and it begins to look as if the ruling Social Democratic Party could be dislodged. Although it has held office for the past 44 years—either as a minority government or as part of a coalition—the latest opinion poll shows that the party has only 54 per cent of the vote, or 4 per cent less than it enjoyed a month earlier. Whether the Conservative, Liberal, and Center parties can cooperate sufficiently to put the Social Democrats out of business is uncertain as yet. But "bigness" has become anathema in Sweden; as have taxes (particularly to a number of very vocal dissenters—cf. the Ingmar Bergman flap); as has the Finance Minister, who has been living the life of Adam in this People's Paradise. A year ago it was revealed that he has been paying no income taxes whatever.

■ After the fall of Indochina, the American government in a spasm of penance offered asylum and public assistance to Vietnamese and Cambodian refugees. It neglected to extend these benefits to Laotians, however, with the result that hundreds of anti-Communist Laotian officers and soldiers and their families are now languishing in Thai refugee camps, where their condition is precarious. If they return to Laos, they face imprisonment and death; if they remain in the camps, they must put up with bad water, no electricity, and an increasingly hostile local government. A bill to grant Laotians the same status as our other former allies in Southeast Asia is currently pending in the House (HR 11473).

■ UGANDA NOTES: Kenya has now imposed a blockade on landlocked Uganda, thereby forcing Idi Amin to suspend his war on Zionism for the time being. Amin has asked the UN and the OAU to send fact-finding missions down to preserve "world peace and order." He has also appealed to a friend in the Israeli government to see whether he can get spare parts for weapons supplied him by Israel a few years back. Domestic problems, meanwhile (according to David Martin of the London *Observer*), are referred to any of Amin's four killer squads, such as the Public Safety Unit. When Amin's fancy was caught by the girlfriend of Industrial Court president Michael Kagwa, for instance, Kagwa was chained to the steering wheel of his sports car, which was then set afire. Now back to Chile.

■ REPRISE DEPARTMENT: The United States has been sending India fuel for a nuclear power plant, on the theory that it makes more sense to help poor countries develop than to plan on feeding them forever. India now wants additional U.S. fuel for a second, just-completed nuclear processing plant. India swears that it would be used for peaceful purposes. . . . A few years ago, India was promising Canada, who was supplying her with nuclear fuel for a similar power plant, that the fuel would be used only for peaceful purposes. In 1974, India exploded her first atom bomb, concocted from the Canadians' nuclear fuel. The United States is expected to decide soon on the World's Largest Ex-Democracy's request.

■ PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE AMMUNITION: Dr. Philip A. Potter, the head of the World Council of Churches, says the Council will keep right on subsidizing African terrorists, to whom it has given $1.5 billion over the last five years. "People cannot seem to see why they should be involved in costly radical change," Dr. Potter complains. "The church is interested in these issues precisely because it is interested in God's mission—to love God with all our means and to love our neighbors as ourselves."

■ The Civil Service Commission proposes to reform the labyrinthine pay-raise procedures for the 1.4 million snouts in the federal trough. The new, ultra-simple system would divide federal employees into a privileged administrative-management class (AMs) and a lackey clerical-technical class (CTs), then subdivide both into four categories ranging upward from Acceptable (un),

Jimmy's Twin?

Two peas in a pod?
  Two yolks in an egg?
Two bills in a wad?
  Two bungs in a keg?
He certainly shopped,
  So if he's a twin
They'd better be stopped
  Before they begin.

W. H. VON DREELE

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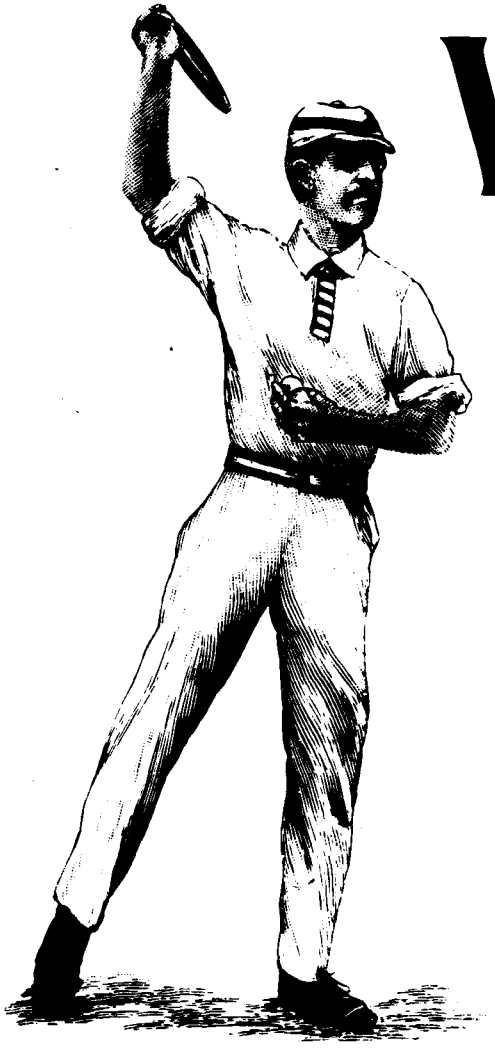

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

During the last days of July, the only subject here has been the Ford-Reagan shootout, each week bringing rumors of a final and decisive breakthrough. Uncommitted delegates now rate as much space in the gossip columns as Elizabeth Taylor, and are wined and dined at the White House in a manner customarily reserved for visiting chiefs of state. Despite the intense politicking, however, there has been little movement. John Sears, Ronald Reagan's campaign manager, tells us of delegates pledged to Ford who will switch to Reagan, but no one can find them. Strategists at the President Ford Committee tell us that Mississippi is about to break for Ford, but Mississippi's 30 delegates decided to go to Kansas City uncommitted. This slogging, enervating fight has done little to enhance Republican chances in November and, as August neared, the atmosphere in both the Ford and Reagan camps had become increasingly desperate, each side attempting to hit on that one move that would break the deadlock. And then, finally, came a break. Ronald Reagan announced that he had picked Senator Richard Schweiker as his running-mate and by so doing stood the city of Washington on its ear. As of this writing, the reactions have been mixed, most political observers still totally confused. The liberal *Washington Post* editorially congratulated Reagan. Jimmy Carter expressed mild dismay. Rogers Morton, President Ford's campaign manager, said that Reagan is exchanging "the second-highest office in the land for a handful of delegates." And many members of Washington's conservative Establishment are, at least for the moment, reacting negatively. Still other conservatives argue that Reagan, as challenger, had to act dramatically to prevent the erosion of support inevitable in the pre-Convention standoff. These conservatives also point out that Reagan has not changed his stand on any of the basic issues, and that if anyone can be accused of selling out, it is Schweiker. For the moment, it is impossible to gauge the long-range effect of the Schweiker gambit. But the consensus here is that whatever the outcome, the move, whether blunder or masterstroke, at least may have broken the debilitating Republican deadlock.

■ Ford campaign officials, taken completely by surprise by Reagan's announcement, are unable to agree on how best to respond. Some advisors recommend doing absolutely nothing. Others believe that Ford should respond immediately by choosing a running-mate such as John Connally, who is perceived by many Sunbelt delegates as a conservative. Ford, however, reportedly refused to be stampeded, hoping to appear as methodical and deliberate in making his choice as Jimmy Carter seemed to be. Still other advisors argue strongly that Ford should announce his intention of leaving the choice to the Convention, thus making a Ford-Reagan nomination a near certainty, even if Reagan went on to decline. But Ford is said to be dead against such a course, as is Reagan. As of now, the most likely possibility is that the President Ford Committee will soon release a list of names of vice presidential candidates designed to appeal to uncommitteed delegates from every section of the country.

■ Before the Schweiker bombshell, one of the hottest subjects of political gossip here centered around John Sears, Ronald Reagan's campaign manager. Sears, the rumors had it, had been approached by the President Ford Committee to replace Rogers Morton as Ford's campaign manager after the Convention. Many Reagan backers believe that the rumors had originated with the Ford staff, another ploy—along with dropping Reagan's name as the vice presidential choice—designed to appeal to wavering delegates. Sears flatly denies any such possibility, but the persistence of the rumor in conservative circles underlines the deep distrust of Sears for what many believe to be his quintessentially Nixonian approach to politics, an approach, they believe, that led among other things to the Schweiker decision. Many Reagan backers also believe that Sears's basic campaign strategy has led to the current impasse. Had the Reaganites spent more time delegate-hunting rather than attempting to score a quick knockout in the early primaries, they maintain, Reagan would by now be over the top.

■ The Carter-Mondale alliance may be the smoothest combination since peanut butter and jelly, but a few lumps have begun to surface, chief among them what some Carter staffers believe to be the McGovernish tone of Mondale's campaign rhetoric. Carter, it is reported, has suggested that his running-mate cool the references to the Nixon pardon, but Mondale persists in bringing it up, one of the factors which reportedly led the Carter camp to take total control of the Mondale campaign operation. From now on, say sources close to the Carter campaign, each of Mondale's speeches will be cleared by top Carter aides, thus allowing Mondale even less freedom of speech than Spiro Agnew had as Richard Nixon's running-mate. —CATO

Qualified (ill), Commendable (acceptable), and Outstanding (the big cheeses), with appropriate slops for each, culminating in orgiastic advancement for the Outstanding AMs who dreamt up this mess, and you could jot down the rest of the details, figures, exceptions, regulations, fringes, contingencies, and legislative references in not more than 22 volumes.

■ You will be relieved to know that enemy nukes won't catch *our* government unprepared, no sir. In their bomb shelter under a Culpeper, Virginia mountain, the Federales have stashed $4 billion in new currency, just in case a nuclear attack wipes out the nation's supply of money and/or taxpayers. Presumably they plan to use the money to restore vital public services such as their own jobs.

■ According to a team of unemployed lawyers at the Federal Trade Commission, a "tacit conspiracy" exists among the nation's four largest breakfast cereal makers to exert "monopoly control" over the market. That needs explaining. A "tacit" conspiracy is just like a real conspiracy, except that it doesn't exist. "Monopoly control" is just like monopoly except for the hot competition among the monopolists—Kellogg, General Mills, General Foods, Quaker Oats, and several smaller firms

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—that produces an array of breakfast foods that usually takes up a whole aisle at the grocery. A very soggy situation, obviously. The consumers are getting milked and the monopolists are getting the sugar. And so, after four years of legal twiddling, the FTC is about to bite down and put the crunch on the Big Four, to make them snap, crackle, and stop. You'd better stock up on oatmeal, friends.

■ Another disaster was averted when the Federal Trade Commission, after very careful examination of the legal issues and a purple tricot sample, agreed to exempt string bikinis from the mandatory "How to Launder" label, on grounds that said label would be uncomfortable, unsexy, and almost as large as the bikini.

■ Who do you suppose is in the big-time kennel business, having spent $1.8 million over eight years to breed a better German Shepherd? The U.S. Army.

■ And a government foundation has granted $200,000 to a physiologist at the University of Arizona to investigate snake kidneys.

■ Mr. Gerald Kitchens of Cincinnati is off to a dismal start in the armed robbery business. While holding up a filling station, Kitchens fired three shots into the ground to show the attendant he meant business, and hit himself in the foot.

■ Now that the Supreme Court has restored capital punishment, it looks like just a matter of—but soft! Hark! It sounds like . . . yes! . . . it's Tom Wicker! "If the first person put to death is a black, as is statistically likely—on July 2, of 610 persons on death row, 310 were black and 56.35 per cent were nonwhite—repercussions in the Third World will be extreme, if in some cases hypocritical." So what's the problem, Tom? We'll just start with a honky.

■ WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND HE/SHE IS OURS: Sexism has been dealt another staggering blow, this time in the form of an order from the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Manpower (tsk, tsk) and Reserve Affairs: all "sexist terminology" must be removed from future Defense publications. "Wife" must be replaced by "spouse," "he" by "he/she," and so on. No decision yet on whether drill instructors, barking their exasperation at the hapless GI, will have to insult both his parents equally.

■ In Pittsburg, Kansas, Robert E. Black faces criminal prosecution. Since March 9, his new company, Alternate Systems, Inc., has been delivering mail privately—offering same-day delivery of any item posted by 9 A.M. This is of course intolerable to post office brass, letter carriers, and the city's only newspaper (which, like most papers, makes part of its profits from ad inserts and doesn't want to encourage direct-mail advertising). Evidence of Black's criminality has already been turned over to the United States Attorney. "I have nothing personal against Black," says the paper's editor, "but I am concerned that something like Alternate Systems could put the post office in a bind that will have it in even sadder shape than it is now." Luckily, the U.S. Government possesses the means to defend itself and the free press against cutthroat competition. Alas, Black will probably cop a plea, and be back on the streets before you know it. What about his victims?

■ Have you noticed that liberals no longer poke fun at "little old ladies in tennis shoes"? The reason is that the phrase combines sexism, ageism, and heightism. Not to mention tastism.

■ DEAR ABBY: I am a U.S. congressman, so I can't sign my name. After coming to Washington 13 years ago, I began an affair with my secretary. It wasn't long before she was pregnant. I suggested an abortion, but she refused because she was Catholic. We discussed marriage, but I already had a wife and refused to divorce her because I too was Catholic. I bought her a house and before long she was pregnant again because we were both Catholic. Then she became a Goldwater nut and we broke up because I am a liberal Democrat. Then she insisted on receiving the title to the house, so I forged my wife's name because I didn't want her to find out. Recently my wife found out anyway. Meanwhile I have been having another affair with a Korean-born girl because I like girls and am liberal, as I mentioned. Now the FBI and a lot of reporters are snooping around, because I have had access to a lot of classified documents, and also because they think I took bribes from the South Korean government. Now what do I do?—Stumped. DEAR STUMPED: Talk to your priest.

■ If we can send a rocket to Mars, by George, we can hold on to the Panama Canal.

Schweiker!?

Even as the shock waves spread out after Ronald Reagan's designation of Senator Richard Schweiker as his prospective running-mate, it is worth recalling just how traditional, in essence, such a choice actually is. Liberal admirers of FDR did not feel betrayed by the presence of conservative Texan John Nance Garner on the ticket. Alben Barkley ran comfortably with Harry Truman. Supporters of Adlai Stevenson swallowed John Sparkman, and John Kennedy's choice of Lyndon Johnson not only did not frighten away Arthur Schlesinger or Chester Bowles but is widely considered to have won him his

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narrow victory in the 1960 election. In each of these instances liberals went along with the "contradictory" choice because they trusted the man at the top of the ticket and because they perceived the imperatives of politics.

From a more philosophical perspective, it might be argued that contradiction is the essence of a large and diverse nation like the United States, and that the politician or party that can contain and master the contradiction gains power by doing so.

Just as every candidate pledges to transform the Vice Presidency into a more active and important post, every President fails to do so. The Vice Presidency is not, however, therefore meaningless. Traditionally it has had an important symbolic value, in that it has legitimized the defeated faction or the subordinate region. Northern liberal New Deal–Fair Deal candidacies were balanced by conservative Southern veeps. Reflecting the regional shift of power, the Southern Carter reached northward to Minnesota.

In Reagan's choice of Schweiker the political pluses are obvious. It would be unreasonable to suppose that Reagan does not have good reason to believe that a substantial number of the 103 Pennsylvania delegates will now move toward his candidacy. This could prove decisive tactically, and throw the nomination to Reagan.

In addition, the move demonstrated to a national constituency that Reagan is not schematic, is not, as it is sometimes put, "another Goldwater." Such a demonstration will be reassuring to those who perceive that politics cannot always be construed *a priori*. Tactical flexibility within a design for overall direction better describes the art of politics.

The very boldness of the move constitutes another plus. Reagan showed himself capable of the kind of surprise and imaginative decision not associated with the more plodding Ford. These particular qualities enhance him as a potential upset candidate against Carter.

The risks Reagan took are as obvious as the potential gains. No sooner had Reagan made his announcement than some conservative Reagan supporters declared that they had been betrayed. Schweiker's voting record, particularly on labor, welfare, and economic issues, has been orthodoxly liberal, though he deviates on abortion, gun control, and busing. Schweiker's liberalism could cost Reagan support, most immediately in the Mississippi delegation. In this connection, however, two points ought to be stressed.

Reagan, if nominated, and not Schweiker, will frame the principal Republican positions. In fact, Schweiker has moved quickly to stress his compatibility with Reagan. In a TV interview the day after being named, Schweiker declared that he had no problem with any of Reagan's positions, from the Panama Canal to a tougher position on detente, and he described himself as a "team player." Second point. Reagan and his strategists have given longer and more careful thought to this move than those who are now denouncing it. We may infer that it was necessary to counter the enormous pressure being exerted by the White House upon delegates both committed and uncommitted.

Before much time has passed it should be evident that Reagan's bold gambit has either won him the nomination or failed to do so. If it has succeeded it will be praised retrospectively as daring and brilliant, and it will make Reagan a stronger candidate in November.

Our Angola Complex

At slow-ahead, the *Kiev* whiskered through;
By evening, she had passed the Dardanelles.
Calm reigned among the signers of Montreux,
Since Russia had informed the infidels.
In Washington, no tolling of the bell
Announced the *Kiev* off the coast of Crete;
Few solons fretted—did the move foretell
More carriers to serve the Russian fleet?
They're guided by the liberal elite
As Congress turns an inward-looking eye.
Angola was a signal for retreat;
We have no kidney for Thermopylae.
Incredibly, we're sliding to our knees
As Rickover portrays Demosthenes.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Sanctimony Ticket

A saintly candidate for President may find it advisable to balance his ticket with an earthy hatchet-man, and Fritz Mondale is therefore a suitable running-mate for Jimmy Carter. Mondale lost no time in applying the lofty liberal perspective to the two Republican contenders. On Reagan: "I don't think he is looked on as a symbol of integrity. He's not tainted. But I don't think people feel the same about him in this regard of honesty and integrity and management as they do about Carter." On Gerald Ford: "Ford's biggest problem is that I just don't think he is bright enough to be a good President." That asyntactic "don't think" is Mondale's catty way of saying that Ford is dumb, just as that "He's not tainted. But I don't think . . ." is calculated to suggest that Reagan is no more honest than he ought to be.

The Carter-Mondale campaign will rely heavily on paraleptical insinuation. Both candidates, having brought up The Pardon, have been repeating that they don't intend to make The Pardon an issue. Instead they will presumably spend a lot of time assuring us it *isn't* an issue. It's obvious why they are leery of making too much of it: the Republicans can counter by pointing to the behavior of a certain Democrat-dominated legislative body whose members routinely vote themselves inflation-proof perks and even, in some cases, use public funds and official pressure to buy sex.

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But once Messrs. Carter and Mondale have proffered themselves on the Virtue ticket, it is entirely proper to ask for their credentials. If, as both have now said publicly, mere removal from office was too mild a punishment for Richard Nixon, their opponents are entitled to ask why anything *less* than removal from office will do for Wayne Hays and Robert Sikes, and perhaps Mike Gravel, Robert Leggett, Joseph Addabbo, and John Young as well. If it is a scandal that Richard Nixon is running around loose, why is it less a scandal that these men remain not only free but in power? A man who can wink at all this, proffer himself and his running-mate as symbols of integrity, and suggest that his opponents are fools and knaves, is perhaps managing the most dexterous feat of ethical juggling in Washington. The sanctimony, evasiveness, and selective indignation of the Democratic standard-bearers are themselves legitimate campaign issues.

Courting Big Business

Mr. Carter has assured a group of leading businessmen that he would propose no substantive change in the tax laws "until at least a full year of very careful analysis." That may provide a brief reprieve, but Carter's campaign rhetoric leaves little room for doubt about the final outcome.

"Some of our largest corporations with extremely high profits," says Carter's position paper, "pay virtually no tax at all." It is worse than that, really, since all economists agree that corporations per se pay no taxes at all: business taxes are necessarily shifted to consumers, stockholders, and workers, either directly or through reduced investment and growth. Carter claims that some unnamed oil companies "pay less than 5 per cent of their earnings." But this misleadingly compares U.S. income taxes with world-wide earnings—including earnings from other countries which are taxed in those countries. Britain could just as well complain that all the BP gas stations in this country do not pay full British taxes on their income.

"The average family earning $10,000 per year pays a larger portion of its income in taxes," says Carter, "than a family with an annual income of $1 million or more." That is simply untrue. Of the many studies of who pays taxes, not one suggests that the burden is heavier on average incomes than on high incomes.

Carter favors a tax system "which treats all income the same," including realized capital gains. Since a huge portion of capital gains in recent years has been pure inflation—adding nothing to the purchasing power of those who held and sold stock and other assets—taxing such inflated gains at steep income tax rates could greatly aggravate the looming capital shortage.

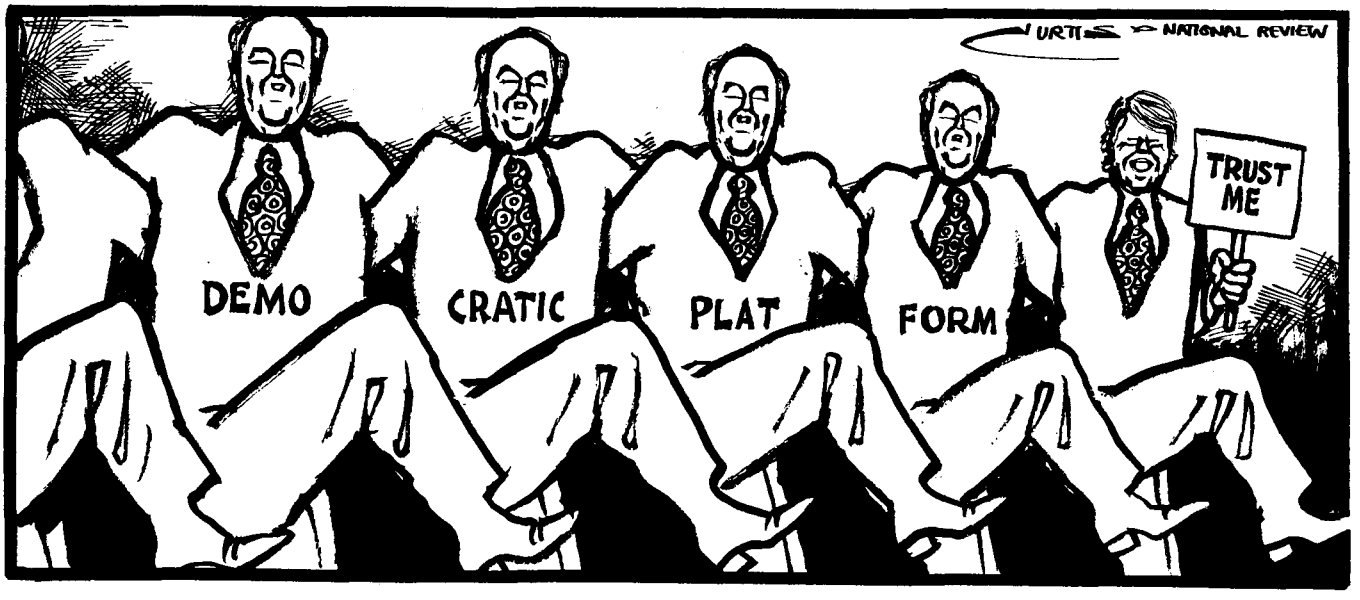
Carter also favors "a system which does not encourage corporations to locate plants abroad," which suggests exactly the sort of added taxation of multi-national corporations that Carter disowned when talking to the business leaders.

There is little difference between the misleading tax reform slogans of Jimmy Carter and those of George McGovern in 1972, except that Mr. Carter has an altogether different line for businessmen. Mr. Carter apparently believes that honesty and "careful analysis" are something that can wait until after the campaign has ended.

Carter's Kissinger

Although Zbigniew Brzezinski is not yet exactly a household name, his opinions are worthy of scrutiny, for he is said to be (and does not deny being) the chief foreign policy advisor of the Carter campaign, and bids fair to become a major force in any Administration headed by Jimmy Carter.

Brzezinski, like the current master of Foggy Bottom,



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was born in Europe (Poland, in B.'s case), has taught at Harvard, and has done time in private think-tank organizations of the Establishment type. Like Secretary Kissinger, he is also something of an historical determinist and a believer in irresistible geopolitical configurations of power. Writing in *Foreign Affairs*, B. has argued that Soviet power "preclude[s] the kind of world preponderance that the United States at one time enjoyed." This should not distress us, however, for the aims of the Soviets are local rather than global—"The Eurasian continent currently appears to be [their] central objective"—and while they are busying themselves with the World Island we can in the meantime turn our attention to the cultivating of "planetary consciousness."

The proper answer to such arguments is not that historical and geographical forces do not exist, but that they can be accelerated, distorted, or sometimes even reversed by human will; and that the Soviet Union alone has consistently exercised its will during the past two decades, while the policymakers of the West have drifted, guided only (when guided at all) by mirages like "planetary consciousness."

Brzezinski's beliefs are yet one more hint that the homespun antiestablishmentarianism of Jimmy Carter is largely a veneer, and that he and his advisors promise nothing very different from what liberal politicians have been producing. This is no doubt why Secretary Kissinger remarked a while ago that he would have no trouble "living with" a Carter foreign policy.

Carter Dances On

In lengthy conversations with two different groups in New York recently—Hearst executives and journalists and 52 businessmen—Jimmy Carter acted as if the Democratic platform and his own acceptance speech had never existed.

To the businessmen (see above) Carter presented himself as a former businessman and champion of free enterprise, and he earned an editorial rebuke from the *New York Times* by promising to move slowly and cautiously on tax reform with an eye to protecting the business interest. Not mentioned in this company were the redistributionist themes Carter has stressed at other times and in other places.

Carter's Hearst discussion proved especially sober and reassuring. He appeared to qualify sharply his support for Humphrey-Hawkins and can even be understood as making his support for other social programs conditional upon a balanced budget and control of inflation. He disavowed anything approaching a $40- to $50-million health care program. "I have never adopted any sort of health plan that was equivalent to the Kennedy-Corman bill. I think I am the only Democratic candidate who did not. I do favor comprehensive health care phased over a period of time, three to four years. It would involve a heavier emphasis on prevention of disease, a much heavier use of non-physicians to deliver health care . . ."

Carter did not shrink from stating plainly that under some circumstances he would use nuclear weapons. "If I was convinced that the security or existence of our own nation was threatened, under those circumstances I would use atomic weapons. . . . If there was a massive invasion of Europe by the Soviet Union, I think the likelihood would be that atomic weapons would be used." He even admitted that a first strike is conceivable: "A pre-emptive strike, again, would only be used . . . if I was convinced that the existence or the security of our nation was threatened." Though in substance these are not remarkable positions, it is nevertheless rhetorically dissonant for a liberal candidate to mention atomic weapons for any other purpose than to abolish them. In these responses Carter also rehabilitated the idea of national security.

Though Carter continued to maintain that the defense budget could be cut by $5 to $7 billion, he offered the following rationale: "There is a great deal of waste in the defense Establishment. There is hardly a single function now carried out by civilian agencies that is not duplicated by the Defense Department itself." He also stressed the continuing Soviet naval buildup: "I think we are getting into a dangerous position with respect to the Soviet Union on naval strength."

In both of these discussions Carter gave the impression of forthrightness, while at the same time showing his remarkable ability to present his positions with maximum appeal to the immediate audience. He has been performing in this virtuoso fashion since February, beginning with the confusion in Iowa over where he stood on abortion. So far, no one has laid a glove on him.

Murderers and Clowns

A terrible beauty may have been born in 1916, as Yeats put it, but this was 60 years ago. During the past few years more than a thousand people have been murdered in Northern Ireland and the recent murder of British Ambassador Christopher Ewart-Biggs and his 26-year-old secretary near Dublin suggests that the mayhem may now spread to the Republic itself. The current IRA killers are not heroes out of Yeats or O'Casey. They have no support from the Dublin government and next to none among the Irish people themselves. The "killing of an ambassador," commented the *Irish Times* editorially, "violated one of the most ancient of taboos. He is the representative of a foreign state, relying on the protection, solicitude, and respect of the host country. . . . This is a time for grieving, not alone over what his murderers did to the Ambassador and his colleagues, but over what they have done to Ireland."

Under the circumstances, one would not expect such killers to receive the sympathy and support of Americans. Substantial sums, however, continue to be con-

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tributed to the Provisional IRA by American citizens, and earlier this year Mayor Abraham Beame of New York actually attended a memorial mass for Frank Stagg, the Provisional IRA leader who had starved himself to death in a British jail. Later, Paul O'Dwyer, Mario Biaggi, and Robert Abrams addressed a rally in honor of Stagg. Urban ethnic politics is one thing, but such moral complicity with the IRA killers carries it to the point of treason to civilization itself.

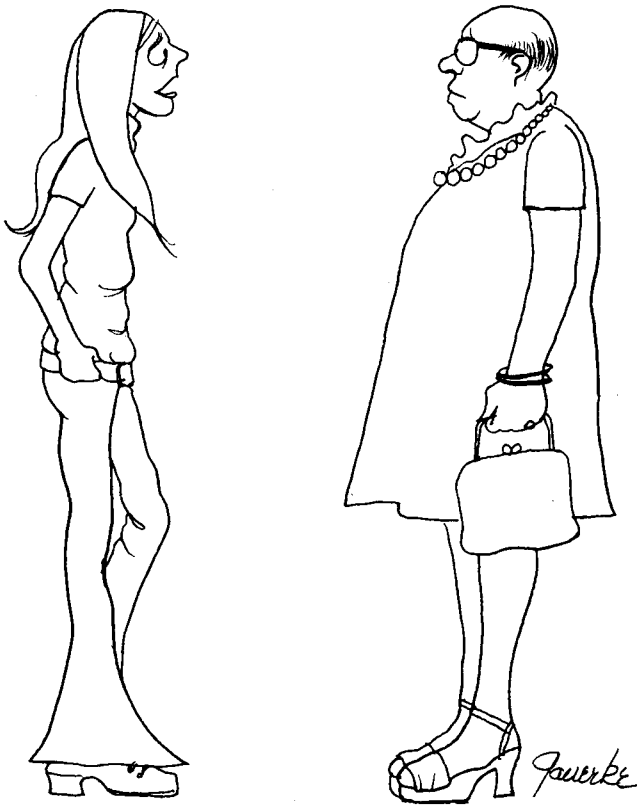
Future of Parochial Schools

(There follow excerpts from the remarks of Editor T George Harris in *Psychology Today*—Ed.)

As black parents gain a stronger voice in policy, their practical concerns and knowledge may surprise many of the groups who now speak for them. One of the hidden facts of ghetto education has been the black success in Catholic schools. As Andrew Greeley reports . . . about 10 per cent of Chicago's ghetto kids now go to Catholic schools. Around the U.S., poor families, not just middle-class types, wait for months to get their children into parochial schools in ever-rising numbers.

There's a deep irony in the situation at Catholic schools. Their success rate is very high, and their cost is quite low, a fraction of the cost per pupil in public schools. The big difference comes less from the low pay to nuns, priests, and lay teachers, more from the low overhead in Church schools. They do not have the huge and growing bureaucracies that have become a sour joke in public schools. But just as their service to black people has become most obvious, many Catholic inner-city schools are being shut down for lack of money.

Still nobody protests or helps. Black militants are suspicious of Catholic white ethnics. Liberals are busy busing. Congress worries over church-state tangles. Public educators are afraid of cost-benefit comparisons. Researchers are splitting hairs over the effect of different educational philosophies. Since black parents, like Catholic teachers, still lack a national voice, there's nobody to save the parochial schools that are now badly needed to help meet a national need. . . . But I'll make you a bet. In some city, a pair of American ethnics, one black and the other maybe a Pole, are hammering out a bold new tactic to take many of the parochial schools through the money crunch. The entrenched powers will, to their surprise, be forced to help transform these effective schools into lasting institutions controlled by the new citizens of these communities.



"Unisex isn't for *everyone*, Dad."

Senator Pell's Tidal Basin

The entire matter of federal subsidization of the arts and the humanities raises important questions of both principle and practice. As currently administered by Ronald Berman, a nationally recognized Shakespeare scholar, the National Endowment for the Humanities has dispersed its $90 million per year for the most part carefully and fair-mindedly, assisting libraries, museums, art exhibits, and individual scholars, as well as supporting popular projects of respectable quality, such as the televised *Adams Chronicles*.

Mr. Berman has sought to maintain high intellectual standards at the Endowment and to remain non-political, but he has had the misfortune—precisely because of those twin aims—to run afoul of Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island. Senator Pell gazed upon the Endowment's $90 million, and found it irresistible. He proposed to siphon off a substantial amount of it and place the cash under the control of local politicians: they would receive the cash as a matter of right and there would be no nonsense about merit. This scheme Berman correctly and successfully resisted.

Dr. Berman's first term as chairman expired last December. After a canvass of pertinent opinion, the White House submitted his name to the Senate for a second term. For six months, Senator Pell, using his strategic position on the education subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, has been blocking a hearing on Berman's confirmation. Many people close to the scene regard Pell as a man driven by eccentric furies, and the Berman case now threatens to be Pell's own Tidal Basin caper. As the *Wall Street Journal* commented earlier this month in a major editorial: "The sex scandals have had the effect of picking

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up the rock of Capitol Hill, and giving the public a glimpse of what scurries underneath. The problem is not so much sex as it is the atmosphere of arrogant pettiness. . . . Such arrogance is so much a way of life on Capitol Hill that it takes a sex scandal to get anyone to stop and notice. But by cheapening life on the Hill, the humdrum abuses provide the soil in which the flagrant ones grow. As an example of the normal workaday pettiness so completely tolerated in the Congress, it is worth considering the little vendetta Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island is running against Dr. Ronald S. Berman, chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities."

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I watched you and John Kenneth Galbraith on the *Today* show. As you spoke on the wiretap of Martin Luther King, Galbraith suggested that the tap was authorized by Hoover and thus not chargeable to President Kennedy or Robert Kennedy, as I recall. I thought you might be interested in knowing that on October 7, 1963, Hoover requested permission of Attorney General Robert Kennedy for a wiretap "on King at his current address or at any future address to which he may move" and "on the SCLC office at the current New York address or at any other address to which it may be moved." Robert Kennedy signed the request on October 10 and on October 21 approved the request for coverage of the Atlanta office of the SCLC as well.

The supporting material for these statements is found in the *Supplementary Detailed Staff Reports on Intelligence Activities and the Rights of Americans*, Book III, Report No. 94-755, which in turn cite the memoranda from J. Edgar Hoover to Attorney General Robert Kennedy dated October 7, 1963, and October 18, 1963.

I thought you might like to have this information for future reference.

Sincerely,
Howard H. Baker Jr.
U.S. Senate

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Actually, the Ninth and Tenth Amendments were misplaced in 1939 when the Supreme Court was redecorated.

No one knows what became of the Tenth. Some law professors swear it never really existed; but the better view is that Justice Douglas gave it to his maid for her children to use as a plaything. By 1948, it had been pecked to death by ducks. (Cf. *U.S.* v. *Sullivan*, 332 U.S. 689.)

The Ninth was salvaged by ACLU lawyers and converted into a hat rack. Liberal judges have been hanging their hats on it with increasing frequency when the First, Fifth, and Fourteenth are not handy.

But that's not the worst of it. They must be doing some unspeakable things with that poor hat rack, because I hear it's given birth to several illegitimate offspring—one sired by each major left-wing cause. The eldest, once known as the "right to privacy," first reared its ugly head in 1965 (*Griswold* v. *Connecticut*); we now know it as the "right to abortion."

I believe the civil liberties folks will hold the Ninth hostage until these little monsters can fend for themselves. You don't believe in the right to abortion, to "treatment," to welfare, bread, circuses? Aha! Denying and disparaging other rights!

If we should happen to save the Ninth Amendment from its present ignominy, I suggest we use it only for what it was meant to be: an admonition against an overly restrictive interpretation of the Bill of Rights. The rights to life, liberty of the person, and property, together with their corollaries, are the essential elements of freedom. The elevation of other interests to constitutional status, through the semantic gimmick to which the Ninth unfortunately lends itself, can only lead us further toward a dictatorship of the judiciary.

Sincerely,
Grover Rees III
Lafayette, La.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I've a friend who is given to adducing examples of one-in-a-million shots in order to buttress his frequently improbable arguments. In the course of a career of contentiousness, he has, to my personal knowledge, cited the case of the first German bomb to fall on Leningrad during WW II—you've heard this one, surely: the bomb, the first of its number, remember, is said to have killed the one and only elephant in that unfortunate city's zoo —at least a dozen times.

In my opinion the case of the Leningrad elephant has long palled, and lately even my friend has shown signs of casting about for a more improbable statistic, especially since I, while shingling an argument of my own, asked him what he thought the probability was that the following comic blunder could appear in a column by WFB ("The Trials of Christianity"): "leaving us merely with nuclear submarines which we would petulantly dump on the Soviet Union, killing off a half-hundred million Russians but leaving us then exposed to a retaliatory strike against our population centers."

Sincerely,
Jan Ophus
Scobey, Mont.

Dear Mr. Ophus: If Reagan wins, we would, in the event of a Soviet strike, dump on the Russians not merely the nuclear bombs in the submarine, but *the whole submarine*!! So back to the elephant, Ophus. Cordially, **—WFB**

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Nostalgia and Weapons

THE OTHER day I was reading an article about the Pentagon's tank program. It was illustrated by photographs of the two competing versions of the new XM-1—one, you will not be surprised to learn, by GM, the other by Chrysler—that is to become the main battle tank for the next couple of decades; 3,325 are to be built; $514 million has been spent already on research and development. Each XM-1 is scheduled to cost more than a million dollars; the full batch, $4.9 billion. It goes without saying that the actual costs will be, by a universal law of these big weapons programs, far higher, even without the multi-billion dollars for support requirements, expensive extras, elimination of bugs, etc.

The article's prose was not terribly exciting, and as I plodded along, the objects in the photographs were metamorphosed, under my glazing eyes, into the dinosaurs that they rather closely resembled to begin with. I found myself musing: Isn't it really ludicrous that we are spending this kind of money—and the time, energy, talents, and resources that the money represents—on a herd of these lumbering monsters?

The rule that a General Staff always prepares for the last war has been repeated often enough to be a platitude, and like many another platitude, its truth quotient seems, by the record, to be high. The occasional exceptions are mostly when the preparing is for the war before last. I couldn't help feeling, as I mused along, that project XM-1 may be one of those nostalgic revivals of a smash hit from days gone by, with new stars playing Guderian, Rommel, Montgomery, and Patton.

In the tank warfare era there were no smart missiles guided by wire, TV, or laser—some of them made for use by a single soldier—that can destroy by a single hit even so large and expensive a monster as an XM-1. Didn't the 1973 Mideast war, and for that matter the last stages of the Vietnam War, give a hint of what awaits old-style mass tank warfare, even though it was only the early, cruder types of the new weapons that therein surfaced?

Whales and Mastodons

When the mind starts rambling along these paths, one image leads to another. What are we to make of those colossal, super-super nuclear aircraft carriers that are Admiral Rickover's pride and joy? Just one of these whales will cost more than the entire 3,325 XM-1 force by the time it is operational, if that time ever comes. Is that the ghost of Nimitz or Halsey at the tiller? What a ball Nimitz could have had with it at Midway!

Given the rate of the Soviet navy's climb during the past decade, no one should begrudge our navy the funds and support necessary to meet the competition. But are the planned three or four of these swollen Goliaths really the sensible way to do so, given all those trim and speedy Davids in, under, and over the seas, armed with slingshots that can bring a Goliath down with a single stone? You could buy a lot of versatile, formidable hardware for the price of one Rickover mastodon.

Then, winging in from the far horizon, that flock of B-29s—sorry, I *am* getting my epochs as well as my metaphors mixed—that flock of B-1s. The figure on what *that* system will cost changes at every appearance, but it's up to $22 billion and rising. Well, no doubt they'll make stimulating targets for the opponent's defense systems, if and when. The manufacturer's publicity department has been plugging the B-1 as the only strategic weapon you can recall after you send it on its way. Apart from the inaccuracy of this claim, it must be the first time that the highest praise a proponent could think of for his favorite military unit is its ability to retreat in face of the enemy.

I hasten to add that our military-industrial complex—and long may it wave!—has also, in this past generation, devised many new weapons and weapons systems technically superior and in some cases far superior to anything turned out in any other country. I gather that some of these, still unmentioned in public, are more than a little amazing. This being the case, it can be argued that we can't rightly accuse the General Staff (which term I use as shorthand for those who run the military establishment) of being altogether fuddy-duddy. We should further note that our Number One opponent is not only technologically inferior to us but even more nostalgic than we about weapons systems, except, perhaps, for his navy in recent years. These two considerations are of some comfort, but they prove only that we could be doing far worse.

Summer's Day Dreams

I have been recording here no more than impressions, random thoughts on a summer's day. There are thousands of pages of reasoned analysis and tons of computer printouts to prove them nonsense. However, stirred by those tank photographs, the mental images of these three huge military programs (tanks, carriers, bombers) somehow, spontaneously, grouped themselves before my mind's eye as one more display of the nostalgic mood that has become epidemic in the past decade.

We would certainly have won World War II in a jiffy if we had had the XM-1s, B-1s, and Rickover carriers. How they will fit into World War III is not all that obvious. What is certain is that they don't have much to do with the unofficial war—World War 2½, shall we call it?—that is actually going on.

Guerrillas, terrorists, propagandists, agitators, infiltrators, counter-intelligence agents, disinformation specialists, covert operators, media campaigns, national liberation fronts . . . Very few of our military leaders cotton to weapons systems appropriate to the unofficial war, late twentieth century style—though, measured by results, no official war has equaled its scale. Our legislators and opinion-makers have decided that the unofficial war is too immoral for a high-minded nation to soil its dollars in. Much better for our peace of mind to stick to the old familiar dinosaurs and mastodons. □

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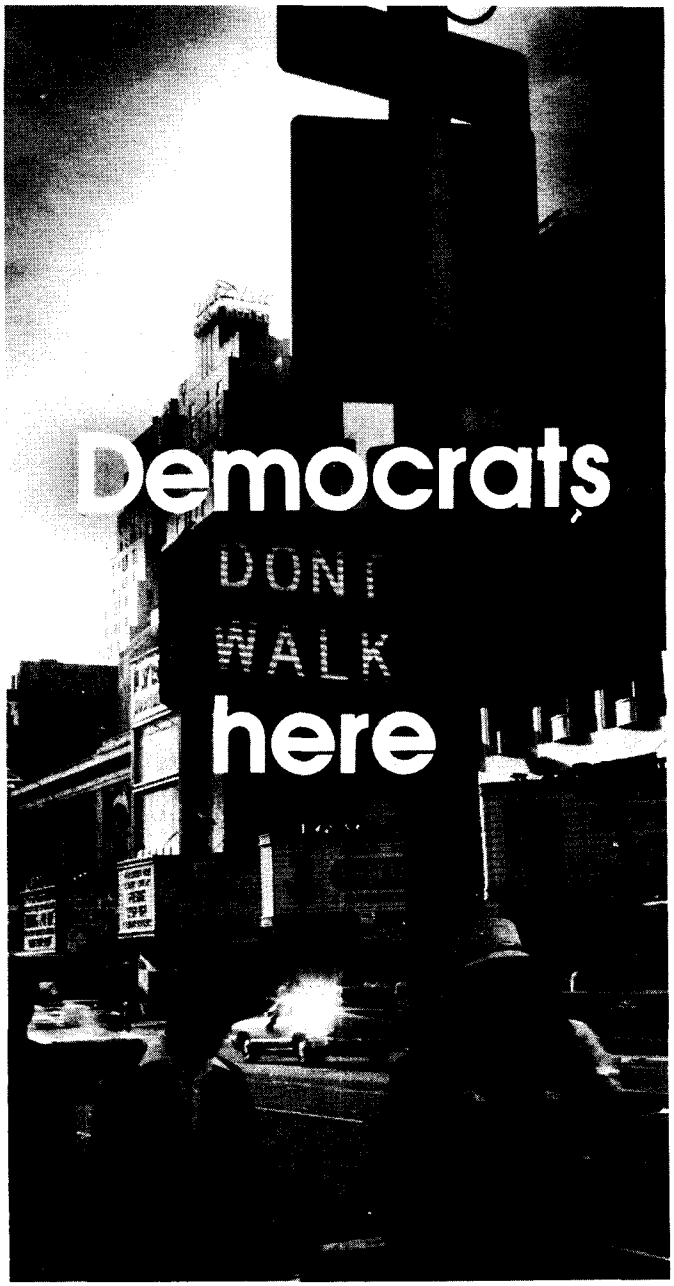
CITY SLICKER

Jimmy Carter:

HOW YOU GONNA GET HIM BACK ON THE FARM?

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK



ON A RECENT Wednesday afternoon, during the course of the Democratic National Convention, two industrious fellows were passing out leaflets down by the Statler Hilton Hotel.

One leaflet depicted a young lady in a remarkable state of undress. She was, if the truth must be told, stark mother naked. The purpose of the leaflet was to invite interested gentlemen to pay her a social visit at an address one flight up on West 46th Street, where "$10 includes everything. And we mean *everything*."

The other leaflet, unadorned by illustration carried little more than a peremptory exhortation and a solemn assertion: "Repent, ye sinners! Jesus Saves."

So much, metaphorically speaking, for the Democrats.

In the popular verdict, the Democratic Convention was a bore. The popular verdict miscarried. This Convention was not a bore. All week long we witnessed a splendid spectacle: one by one the party sachems publicly buried their hatchets; and each of them, we noted, carefully marked the spot, the better to dig up the hatchet again some day. We watched the reunion of North and South, Minnesota and Georgia linked inseparably in chains of Kelly green crepe paper. We had moments of poignance, as old warriors hung up their shields. Only the unobservant fellows—the same fellows who regard a pitcher's two-hit shutout as a bore—could have failed to find excitement at the Garden.

By midday on Monday, the first day of the Convention, the hangers-on were hanging on. Down by the Statler Hilton, across from the Garden, the followers of Warren G. Harding were happily distributing broadsides in the late gentleman's behalf. Up on 53rd, by the Americana, a fellow in a battered hat was promoting husbands' liberation. The sidewalk program also featured Jesus freaks, anti-abortionists, free Puerto Ricans, apostles of the Jewish Defense League, real pimps, and pseudo-prostitutes. And the press.

And the press. By one reasonably reliable estimate, there were 10,000 of us there, including the TV technicians, the foreign correspondents, and half a dozen freckled Little Leaguers, all of them fugitives from second base. The working press had a desperate time. Over a span of six days, there was one piece of hard news: the naming of a vice presidential nominee. Otherwise we drowned in journalistic tapioca; we paddled in a sea of hominy grits. Saul Pett of

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the AP had the week's best lead in a piece for the Tuesday A.M.s: "Tension is not mounting today at the Democratic National Convention."

The Convention got under way, in a manner of speaking, only 15 minutes late on Monday evening. Chairman Bob Strauss ordered the aisles cleared, and the reverend invoker, whose name escaped me in the babble, prayed for miracles and for stamina. Mr. Strauss spoke of "unity," a word we would hear 4,287 times before the final gavel.

After a half-dozen short subjects, Mr. Strauss then launched into the first, and arguably the worst, major oration of the entire consistory. The party chairman began with a reference to a time a few "short years" ago, and continued with a polemic upon the eight "long years" of Messrs. Kissinger, Simon, Morton, and Butz. This had been calculated to whip the delegates into a chanting frenzy, but the delegates were not about to be whipped. When the orator at last concluded, two union stagehands came forward to haul away the very large egg that had just been laid.

The stagehands had to be summoned again a half-hour later to perform the same charitable mission for the Honorable John Glenn, the former astronaut and incumbent Junior Senator from Ohio. He was a keynoter who missed the key and could not sing a note. He earned his merit badge for effort, but looking into his scoutmaster's honest face we wanted to ask, what's a nice fellow like you doing in a place like this? He subsided at 10:43:02 by a press gallery watch, and the applause died down at 10:43:18. It was a record for keynoter coolth not likely to be soon surpassed.

They brought on Barbara Jordan, Representative for the 18th District of Texas, at precisely 11 o'clock that Monday evening. It was no accident, of course, that her very presence evoked all the dramatic memories of the House impeachment hearings two years ago. This was the principal purpose. The gentlewoman provided even more—a lesson in elocution that every public speaker could profitably attend. God gave Miss Jordan a full voice, and with it she gave cry to empty platitudes. Hers is the remarkable gift to declare that "we cannot flee from the future" and bring a hall to its feet.

So much for Monday. Tuesday was the day in which tension mounted not. Many of the delegates played hooky on a lovely summer afternoon. They reassembled in the evening to give a genuinely heartwarming ovation to Hubert Humphrey. He came beaming to the podium, his face a baby pink, his shirt and suit a baby blue, and within the tradition of convention oratory, he performed magnificently. During those eight long years of Nixon/Ford, fear had replaced hope; despair had replaced optimism; penury had replaced abundance. The Republicans had failed in the basic task of political morality. The party of individual initiative (by which he meant the Democratic Party) would muster its strength and win in November. America's best days have only begun! Thank you! God bless you! And at about that moment, down in Philadelphia, the National Leaguers took to the field as the All-Star Game began.

The subsequent sequence of events is not as clear as it might be. Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine was pitching for the Democrats. A curly-headed kid named Fidrych was pitching for the Americans. They were both in deep trouble right away. Muskie tossed up a poor joke; Fidrych threw a fat one to Steve Garvey. In the second inning, Muskie talked earnestly to the Convention; Fidrych talked eloquently to the baseball. By the end of the third, it was Muskie 0, the Nationals 4. Catfish Hunter came on for the hapless Americans; back in the Garden, the vital business of a party platform evoked a deadly indifference. The ball game ended at 10:50. Only heaven and the recording secretary know when the Convention adjourned. It was a glorious night for the National League.

Dramatically speaking, Wednesday was a dead loss too. This was Nomination Day. It was the culmination of 18 months of the candidate's sweet dreams and honest sweat. In years past, Nomination Day had provided a suspenseful climax. This year it was like watching the front yard grow.

In desultory fashion, the press wondered if a women's walkout could be promoted. The Democratic Women's Caucus had met with the candidate on Tuesday, seeking his approval of a guaranteed fifty–fifty split, men–women, at the Convention of 1980. The candidate had gently demurred. He offered to trade their fifty–fifty for three limp verbs in the 1980 Rules. They agreed, but they weren't perceptibly happy.

Whereupon the snarl erupted. In that fraction of a second, the last naive notion vanished that the pardon might not be an issue

The candidate also had met with the Democratic Black Caucus, to whom he promised the sun, the moon, and their choice of two of five outer planets. Thinking this a fair exchange for their public quiescence, the blacks had agreeably retreated, leaving no prospective excitement at all.

That prospect, as it turned out, was not altogether fulfilled. Two things happened Wednesday evening to revive our flagging attention. These were the speech by Peter Rodino, nominating Jimmy Carter, and the speech by Jim Killilea of Massachusetts, nominating Ellen McCormack.

Mr. Rodino's address ran to 31 paragraphs. Of these, 30 were as predictable as the phases of the moon or the columns of Tom Wicker. This was the 31st:

"For the first time in our history, the faith of our nation has been shaken by the resignation in disgrace of a President and his Vice President . . . and by the issuance of an untimely pardon, which outraged the American sense of equal justice."

Whereupon the snarl erupted. This was a guttural roar of visceral emotion. In that fraction of a second, the last naïve notion vanished that the pardon might not be an issue, or at least not a dominant issue, in the November campaign.

Mr. Killilea's address, by contrast, drew no response at all. The delegates had no interest in Mrs. McCormack, and showed it by milling around. They might better have listened.

Mr. Kilpatrick, a syndicated columnist and long-time NR *contributor, is a resident of Richmond, Va., just up the road a piece from Plains, Ga.*

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"I rise today to nominate a mother of four children. Her name is Ellen McCormack. Although she is not a professional politician, Ellen McCormack has been running for our party's nomination because she saw several months ago what has now actually come to pass—that the Democratic Party was in danger of becoming the party of abortion."

While the inattentive delegates joked and chatted, Mr. Killilea spoke of Jimmy Carter, whom he identified as Mr. X.

"Mr. X is the man who certainly will be the nominee of the Democratic Party. He is also the man who recently ordered the Democratic Platform Committee to adopt a strong pro-abortion plank. Ironically, back in Iowa, when Mr. X was but one of many candidates, he achieved his first success in the polls by persuading those who opposed abortion that he believed in their goals. It is now clear that those of us who supported Mr. X at that time were the victims of deception—deception from a candidate who looked us straight in the face and assured us he would never tell a lie.

If I were watching the campaign from the Republican boat, and saw a great fin parting the political waters, I know what movie would come to mind

"Nobody is certain what the motives are behind Mr. X's sudden strong advocacy of the pro-abortion position. Perhaps he believes it will help him to obtain active support from the feminist movement. Whatever his motives, Mr. X has made certain that a pro-abortion stand will be not only his view but the view of the entire Democratic Party. Thus, he has disenfranchised millions of Democrats who favor the pro-life cause."

The gentleman earnestly pursued these pejorative and rebellious themes for nearly 12 minutes. He concluded with an eloquent renunciation of the candidate, the platform, and the party. The delegates, not having heard one word he had to say, realized that another speech had ended and gratefully applauded. Meanwhile, millions were watching and listening on TV. This was about 9:35 in the East, 6:35 on the Coast, close to prime time across the land. It was a speech to remember; a speech to think about.

The balance of the evening passed routinely, moving toward the climactic Roll Call of the States. This began with Alabama the Bombastic State, and finished with Ohio at 11:22 P.M. The final count, before acclamation, was Carter 2,173.5, Udall 308.5, Brown 300, and others 118. Among the others were Wallace with 44 and McCormack with twenty.

At 10 o'clock Thursday morning, the 15th, the candidate returned to the Americana press room to announce his choice of Senator Mondale. This was Compatibility Day. It was also Acceptance Day. It dragged on longer than you might believe. Through much of the afternoon, though the Convention was technically in session, nobody was around but Cronkite, Chancellor, and Brinkley.

Came the ultimate evening, and with it the addresses of acceptance. Senator Mondale rang all the usual chimes, and rang them exceedingly well. The Democrats, he avowed, composed the party of justice, understanding, love, helpfulness, equality, compassion, peace, dignity, work, truth, law, openness, efficiency, safety, security, tax reform, decent education, good health, better housing, strong families, and love of country. The Republicans were none of the above. Two paragraphs once more ignited the snarl and the roar:

"And tonight we solemnly pledge to restore government that tells the truth and obeys the law.

"Roosevelt once said that the Presidency is pre-eminently a place of moral leadership, but we have just lived through the worst political scandal in American history and are now led by a President who pardoned the person who did it."

(Some hours later, the candidate who will never lie to us said he had no idea that his own running-mate intended to say any such thing. The candidate who will never lie to us also had said that he himself would not bring up the pardon. But he did. His credibility as a nominee thus endured for 16 minutes, 22 seconds, a record.)

Mondale set the grammarians to rolling their eyes with one line. Mr. Carter, he said, embodied the hope and the dream "not only of we Democrats but of all America." He harped on some populist themes that may usefully be remembered later on: "A President is not elected to do what he pleases; a President is elected to do what the people please . . ." Otherwise the speech was so much salami. It was a *good* salami, but not a *great* salami.

Carter's speech was significantly better. He had a tremendous opening line: "My name is Jimmy Carter, and I'm running for President." He dwelled mostly on the gauzy themes of his long campaign—on love, compassion, decency, honesty, integrity, and other qualities that are possessed by all Democrats but by no Republicans. He got in the blow he had said he would not strike: he saw "no reason why big-shot crooks should go free and the poor ones go to jail." He praised students, nurses, social workers, senior citizens, farmers, teachers, business leaders, and laborers. He embraced homes, shopping centers, colleges, beauty parlors, barber shops, farmers' markets, and union halls. He invoked the shades of Roosevelt, Truman, Johnson, and Kennedy. He lauded "the Jews, the Irish, the Italians, the Poles." He pre-empted the virtues of grace, imagination, common sense, and high moral character. But in the whole of the 39 minutes, he spoke of individual freedom but twice, and then only in the context of "freedom and morality."

It was not a speech, as a jaundiced William F. Buckley Jr. remarked the next morning, that one would want to hear two or three times. But compared with the dozen other acceptance speeches I have heard, this was high-octane. For most of the address, the candidate wiped that simper off his face. He looked presidential, and back in the hills, hollows, bottoms, valleys, and great plains of the country, I expect the voters were more impressed than Mr. Buckley was impressed.

If I were watching this campaign from the Republican boat, and peered over the stern to see a great fin parting the political waters, I know what movie would come to mind.

II

James Earl Carter Jr. was born October 1, 1924, in Plains, Ga., a farming community some 25 miles southeast of Columbus. His father, who died in 1953, was a man of his time and his place—a conservative, segregationist, double-dyed Democrat, a redneck. His mother, the

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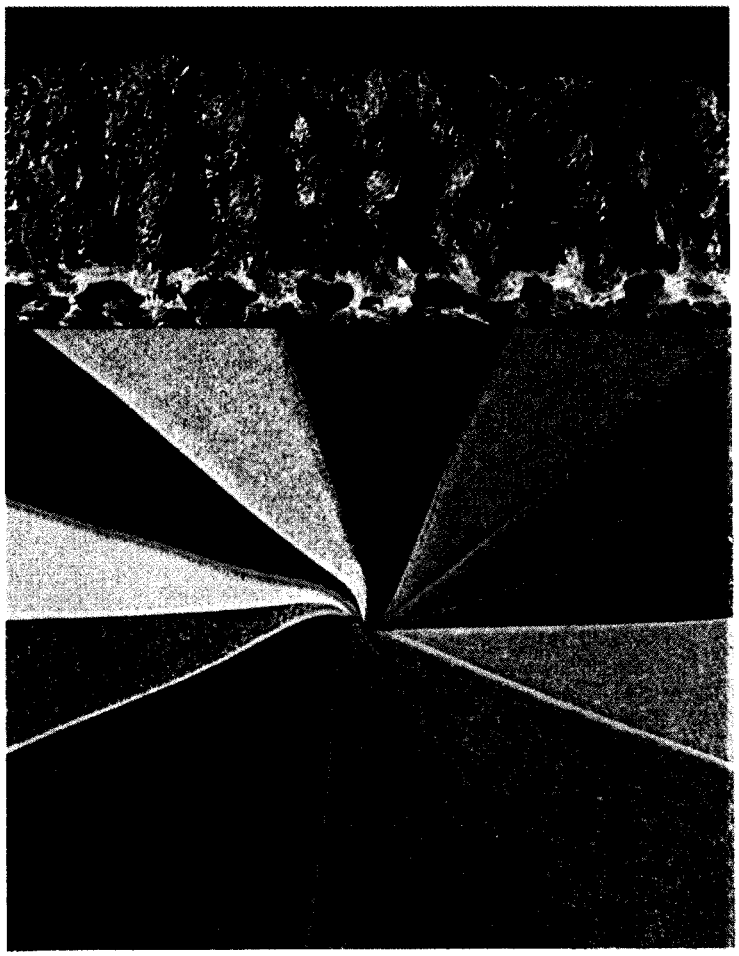

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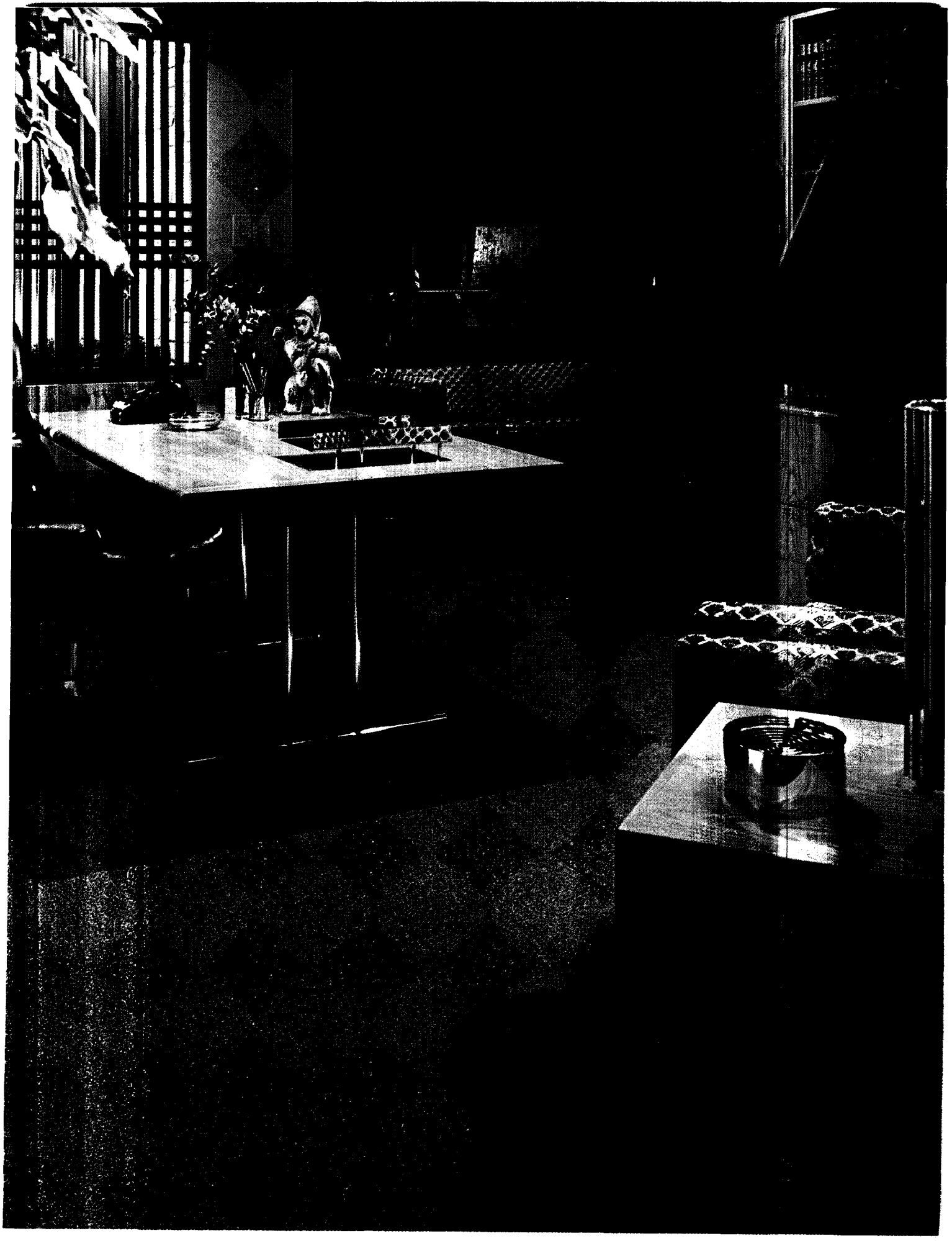

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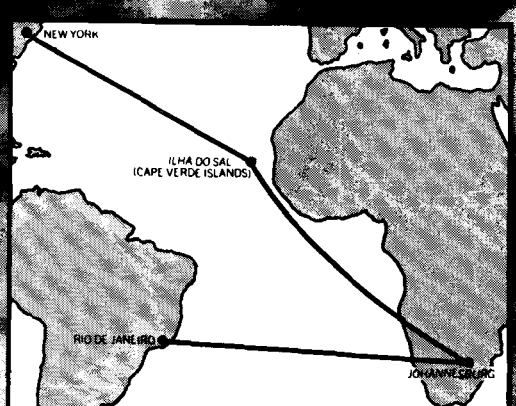

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silver-haired "Miss Lillian," was a nurse, a political liberal, and, to judge from the candidate's autobiography, a great influence on his life.

The general outlines of Carter's life and career are too well-known to require restatement, but two or three points of political significance merit a word. The candidate stands in the great log cabin tradition. During his childhood his mother cooked on a wood stove. The family used a privy outside. They had a hand pump to draw water. Jimmy was 15 when his home acquired its first electric light. He emerged from that corncob and split-kindling background to become an honors graduate of the Naval Academy, a protégé of Admiral Hyman Rickover, a state senator at 38, Governor of Georgia at 46. Neither Gerald Ford nor Ronald Reagan was born a scion to great wealth, but in terms of one of the classic political appeals—the identification with hardship—Carter provides a hard act to follow.

Mr. Carter has other assets, aside from his barnyard boyhood. In his announcement speech of December 12, 1974, he identified himself as "a farmer, an engineer, a businessman, a planner, a scientist, a governor, and a Christian." On other occasions, he is a "nuclear physicist." He woos the National Education Association by recalling his service on his local school board. He quotes facilely across a range from Tolstoy to Niebuhr to Bob Dylan. He is possessed of an attractive family, including daughter Amy, who at age eight is too young to be asked about her hypothetical affairs. He has a fine command of the language; in his extemporaneous speeches, he rarely falls into the ers and the ahs.

He began his campaign in December of 1974. He claimed the nomination with the surrenders of June 8, 1976. In those 18 months he ran the traveling press into the ground. Man and boy, I myself have been covering political campaigns for 35 years—the campaigns of county commissioners, aldermen, city councilmen, congressmen, senators, governors, Presidents. I never met a candidate who worked harder, or campaigned more zealously, or hungered more obsessively for public office than Jimmy Carter of Georgia.

His was a textbook campaign. He got so far out in front, so fast, that his startled opponents could never catch up. He entered 26 statewide primaries. He finished first in 17 of those, second in eight others. Only in Massachusetts was he out of the running. He claims 6,207,000 votes, or 39 per cent of the total cast in the Democratic primaries. No one else was even close.

The primary fight, chronicled ineluctably in the Tuesday night returns, is plain enough. It is the character of the candidate himself that puzzles, attracts, and repels. He comes upon the scene, smiling his strobe-light smile, the gentle healer of the wounded body politic. Yet one of the adjectives that crop up most often is *vindictive*. Other adjectives are *shrewd*, *combative*, *iron-willed*. Mr. Carter evokes Dr. Johnson's tribute to the Earl of Bathurst: "Dear Bathurst was a man to my very heart's content: he hated a fool, and he hated a rogue, and he hated a Whig; he was a very good hater."

Back in February, I happened to make a speech to the Georgia Press Association in Athens. This was after Iowa but before New Hampshire. I asked a score of Georgia editors for their opinion of Carter. With one exception only —Hal Gulliver of the *Atlanta Constitution*—they curled their lips in disdain. In their nearly unanimous view, Carter had been a vainglorious but ineffective governor; they regarded his much-publicized reorganization as a sham; they thought he drawled out of both sides of his mouth. These were editors, incidentally, who praised Carter's overtures in race relations. They simply viewed him, on balance, as a mediocre governor with a cultivated sense of public relations.

How did Carter win it? An answer may be found in three areas—the nature of the man, the nature of his opposition, and the nature of his opportunity.

This was a singularly personal victory. Here and there, especially in the later stages of the campaign, Carter had a few big names to help him. These were very few. He had a young and inexperienced staff. He had no more money than anyone else. But he had that implacable determination, that awesome drive, that serene, unblinking self-assurance.

He had better political perception than many of us in the Washington press corps. Carter perceived that his prospective opponents were mostly a bunch of has-beens and never-weres. If Teddy Kennedy had entered the running, it would have been a different matter. With Kennedy out, Carter saw the weakness of the field: Humphrey, Muskie, Jackson, Harris, Bayh, Bentsen, Sanford, Shapp, Shriver, Church, Brown, Udall. He knew he could take George Wallace in Florida. In the fall of 1974, few observers had given much thought to the 1976 campaign. But Carter had thought about it all summer long.

In the century since Appomattox, only a handful of Deep South Southerners ever had been seriously mentioned as possible Democratic nominees. The names of Oscar W. Underwood and Richard B. Russell come to mind. Underwood went nowhere in 1924; Russell went nowhere in 1952. If Jimmy Carter had come along at any point prior to 1976, he would have failed as certainly. This time the opportunity was there. The political wave gathered strength from a vaguely "anti-Washington" concern, from an inchoate desire for moral purity, from the restless feeling that a new face was needed. Carter saw that wave coming, timed it perfectly, and rode it to Madison Square Garden this July.

III

Throughout the primary campaign, the criticism was constantly heard that Carter was long on generalities and short on specifics. He was great on love and compassion; on these themes his eloquence produced the misty eye. But

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when one asked how—even generally and not precisely how—did he propose to reorganize the Federal Government, his eloquence lost its steam.

Such criticism was fair, but it tended to get exaggerated. The candidate did indeed address himself to many issues. During the Convention, Carter headquarters distributed to reporters an almost indigestible stack of position papers—13 major papers on domestic affairs, five major papers on foreign affairs, 41 shorter statements neatly alphabetized from abortion to women's rights. The problem is, he seems to be on all sides of every issue.

The Carter papers are crafted with great skill and cleverness to produce precisely this imprecision. The wisecrack floated around New York that the candidate, asked to explain his position on the oil companies, favored neither vertical divestiture nor horizontal divestiture; he favored diagonal divestiture. And what was Carter's favorite color? Plaid.

Consider, if you will, Carter's position on federalism. It is among the oldest principles of American government. He is for it. And, well, he is also against it. In a speech to the National Governors Conference on July 6, he pledged to work with the governors "to bring about a restoration of true federalism." He rued the erosion of the states. He castigated the Congress for enacting "programs which were written as if the entire United States were less diverse than the State of Pennsylvania."

To some observers, impressed by the Carter record, the gentleman is a pragmatist. To others, not so overcome by love, he is a phony

Having said these congenial things, Carter was careful to insert a qualifying paragraph. Unobtrusively, he noted that "in some areas, such as welfare reform, the Federal Government must assume increased responsibility." What we are seeking, he said, "is not a wholesale cutback of federal programs but a judicious consolidation and reorganization which allows states to meet their needs without undermining legitimate national objectives."

Those are reasonable reservations. My point is that the entire thrust was toward the enhancement of state powers, state decisions, state diversity. The assembled governors could have obtained but one impression—that Carter was fervently one of them. The nation's mayors obtained the same impression from Carter's speech in Milwaukee on June 29. Yet in other addresses, Carter has warmed up other audiences with promises greatly to enhance the power and authority of the central government.

It may be instructive to glance through one or two of the domestic position papers. The candidate proposes new federal incentives to private employers, a public-needs employment program "funded by the Federal Government," expanded assistance to local governments for urban planning, an expanded employment credit plan for business, an increase in funding for on-the-job training, the provision of 600,000 public jobs, the provision of 800,000 summer youth jobs, a single, uniform system of welfare benefits "funded in substantial part by the Federal Government," the appropriation of $2 billion in counter-cyclical assistance to the cities, an increase in general revenue-sharing, a Federal Municipalities Securities Insurance Corporation, operating subsidies for urban transit systems, direct federal loans and subsidies for low- and middle-income housing.

All those propositions emerge from a single statement on urban policy, dated April 1, 1976.

Speaking of federal environmental controls, Carter promises not "to compromise or to retreat or to yield in any possible measure." He says that now is the time for "scientists like me" to support broadened federal measures. He says "we need: mandated motor vehicle efficiency standards, rigid enforcement of speed laws, efficiency standards and labeling for electrical appliances, mandatory improvements in building insulation, regulatory agency decisions that reduce fuel consumption, and similar conservation measures." The candidate is pledged to a program of national health insurance that "must be universal and mandatory." He would approve legislation to repeal section 14(b)—the right-to-work section—of Taft-Hartley.

Throughout the primary campaign, Carter left the impression that he wanted to reduce the "bloated bureaucracy." His position papers make it clear that he does not mean really to rock the bloat. He favors a new Department of Education, a new Consumer Protection Agency, a new National Health Insurance program, a vastly expanded agency for economic planning, a strengthened Occupational Safety and Health Administration, and a new agency to provide "adequate child care for all parents who desire to use it."

The candidate also says, without blinking, that "the number of federal agencies should be reduced to no more than two hundred."

Such an examination of Carter's expressed positions could be endlessly pursued. A CBS-*New York Times* poll left the implication that 52 per cent of his supporters regard him as a fellow conservative. The candidate makes all the ritual conservative noises. He believes in free enterprise. He believes in competition. He denounces bureaucratic inefficiency as fervently as any Ronald Reagan. Repeatedly he identifies himself as a "businessman." He endorses capital punishment. In his talks on welfare reform, he emphasizes his thought that able-bodied persons, if they prove unwilling to work, should be thrown off the welfare rolls.

If roughly half his supporters perceive the candidate as a conservative, the other half perceive him just as surely as a liberal. They have the keener perception. If there is a single important liberal measure that Carter has failed to embrace, I cannot give it a name. He supports Hart's federal no-fault auto insurance, Humphrey's full employment concept, the Mondale child-development program, a Kennedy-type National Health Insurance bill, and so on.

It is impossible to tot up a dollar total on the cost of his "expanded" or "broadened" or "strengthened" programs of federal spending. And though he clearly would increase Social Security taxes to pay in part for his health insurance plan, he is otherwise vague. Perhaps $5 billion could be cut from the defense budget. He assumes that his economic measures will produce "full employment" in two or three years—full employment being variously defined in terms of an unemployment rate of 2 per cent, or 3 per cent, or 4.5

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per cent—and that the taxes paid by the newly employed, plus savings in unemployment compensation and food stamp costs, will foot the bill. This is the economics of the hungry hobo: if he had some bread, he could make a ham sandwich, if he had some ham.

Will the real Jimmy Carter stand up? Probably not. In terms of consistent political principle, there is no "real" Jimmy Carter. More than any politician in my memory, he is indeed all things to all people. To some observers, impressed by the Carter record, the gentleman is a pragmatist; to others, not so overcome by love, the gentleman, perhaps, is a phony.

IV

Can he win? Can the Carter-Mondale ticket defeat any ticket the Republicans may put in the field? Such a prospect is entirely plausible. The hypothetical polls, nebulous as they are, confirm the possibility of a landslide.

Consider. The farm vote, not as important as it once was, still is significant; Carter is a dirt farmer. The black vote also is not large, but in some states it can make the difference; Carter has visible black support. Part of the electorate identifies itself with small business; Carter is a small-businessman. The national mood is generally anti-Washington; Carter is a former governor untainted by the Potomac. In any tally of electoral votes, the Southern states are vital; Carter is a Southerner. Ours is essentially a Christian nation; Carter is a born-again Baptist. Carter has the endorsement of organized labor. He will have the endorsement of the public school teachers. He speaks Spanish to the Chicanos; he talks Navy to the hawks. In choosing a liberal's liberal as his "compatible" running-mate, he has made himself less vulnerable to attack from the liberal Left. In addition to all this, Carter is demonstrably an indefatigable campaigner; his staff has been tempered by primary fires; and he is bound to be gratified by the prospect of a bitterly divided GOP.

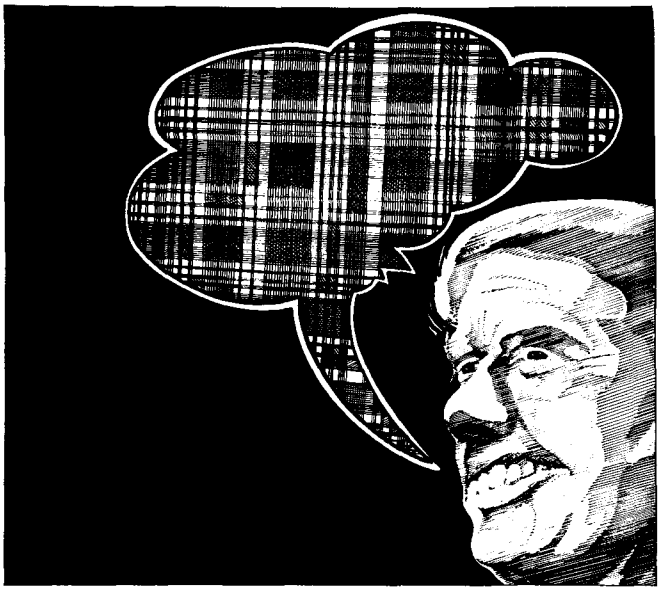
Is a Carter victory therefore inevitable? No, indeed. Carter's assets, on close examination, are not so free and clear. They have liens on them. It is far from certain that the labor vote, for example, can be neatly delivered. The candidate's black support may be more apparent than enthusiastic. A South that went overwhelmingly Republican in 1972 is not likely to succumb automatically, forgetting every other consideration, to the appeals of a "fellow Southerner." Carter has small allure for liberal intellectuals, whose influence in the media is far out of proportion to their numbers.

And the trouble with veneers is that they tend to wear thin. They chip off in little pieces. At some point along the line, the contradictions, the inconsistencies, the ambiguities will raise doubts, and the doubts will roll up like tumbleweeds. The abortion issue is a case in point. Here Carter's waffling produced the Killilea explosion. Amnesty is another. Carter is committed to a Democratic platform that pledged "full and complete pardon for those who are in legal or financial jeopardy because of their peaceful opposition to the Vietnam War, with deserters to be considered on a case-by-case basis." What does such a pledge mean?

Carter's religious image is a plus in some quarters; it may be a minus in others. He makes quite a thing of it. In the first paragraph of his announcement speech, he takes pains to say, "I am a Christian." He calls attention to his own thoughts "at worship." He speaks to a Law Day audience and remarks that "I'm a Sunday School teacher, and I've always known that the structure of law is founded on the Christian ethic."

Beyond question, many Americans go for all this. Not only in the Bible Belt of the South but also in many parts of the Midwest, evangelical Christianity has great appeal. But such public witnessing leaves many other persons uneasy, and in the political context it leaves them acutely uneasy. On the record, we like our public men to be godly men, but we don't want them to be *very* godly men. It is expected—the rituals demand it—that Divine Providence must be invoked in inaugural addresses, in our courts, and at our legislative sessions, but such invocations are not to be taken seriously. Carter, by contrast, seriously looks for Divine Guidance, and the search discomforts an affluent and easy-going people. Suppose, when Carter asks, He answers?

Other intangibles further cloud the prospect of an inevitable Carter victory. In a highly visible national campaign, that constant grin may pall. Carter is a good public speaker, but he does tend to drone on. He is a stubborn man—it took him two days to apologize for "ethnic purity"—and it is entirely likely that his adamancy will surface again in another exploitable context. He will have to fight incessantly against over-confidence, a deadly adversary when one is far out in front in the early polls. He will need the help of men he has offended or snubbed or insufficiently flattered—the Kennedy clan, Hubert Humphrey, Mo Udall, the academics, the Catholics, the Jews—and the newly crowned King Carter will have his problems in truly winning their hearts and minds. The more he and his cohort talk about the pardon,



the more they will arouse the several millions of voters who believe Richard Nixon was unfairly persecuted for being caught in the same sins for which his predecessors went unpunished. Carter will have his hands full.

So much for New York. For the time being, so much for Grits and Fritz. So much for the Democrats' weaknesses and strengths. After Kansas City, depending upon how much blood is left on the floor, we will have a better idea of whether the tenuously united Democrats will win, or the stupidly divided Republicans will undertake to lose instead. □

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SPIRIT OF '76

Arthur Schlesinger, John D. Rockefeller III, Jeremy Rifkin, and Jane Fonda all knew how America should behave July 4. Fortunately, so did Americans. They ignored Schlesinger and Co. and had a party

They Almost Stole the Bicentennial

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

DEMOCRACY IS maintained, not by science, but by art: which is to say that it derives more from the spirit of play than from the rigid imperatives of moral, social, economic, and political five-year plans. It is, in fact, a paradox of democracy that, while it depends for its survival upon eternal vigilance, it is weakened by an excess of the kind of priggish self-consciousness which requires of it that it be regularly adding up its moral debits and assets, laying out in its diaries every New Year its resolutions for moral and institutional reform, and hiring professors to devise guidelines to ensure that such reforms are carried out and swamis to monitor the collective consciousness in its progress toward a greater and more malleable civic humility. That the Republic has survived the operations of this Higher Consciousness, that it remains at the conclusion of its first two centuries full of high animal spirits and the juice of careless human cussedness, is, given the notable victories won by the high-minded clerisy over the years, a miraculous thing. And paradigmatic of that miracle is the triumphant Bicentennial observance, which for many months bade fair to succumb to the natural meddlesomeness of that clerisy, who have always found something intolerably vulgar in the visceral and spontaneous celebration of what unabashedly Is.

"To recall [July 4, 1776]," wrote Bill Moyers in *Newsweek* a year ago, "is not, I hope, to indulge in chauvinism." In the ensuing twelve months it was widely concluded that mere recollection of that date is not, in itself, chauvinistic, but that the line between recollection and celebration—which *is* chauvinistic—is indeed a gossamer one, to be crossed only by the brash and the morally obtuse: the clerisy found it offensive that a people so besmirched by three and a half centuries of violent and antisocial behavior should indulge in so much as a single day's worth of prideful orgy. A Methodist bishop, writing in a United Methodist manual designed to point out the moral dangers of Bicentennial jollies, warned that, the while advance festivities proceeded, "minority groups continue to suffer indignity and oppression; welfare programs pauperize and humiliate the poor; fiscal policies framed on Wall Street and in Washington continue to give tax breaks to the undeserving, guarantee exorbitant profits for the unprincipled . . . [The] taxpayer . . . is forced to worship at the shrine of the gods of war and provide military arms for all sides of virtually every conflict in and around the world." While few educators and editorial writers read Methodist pamphlets, the Social Gospel has always made strange bedfellows, and the bishop's indictment was typical of the enlightened wisdom brought to bear upon the question: Should we celebrate the Bicentennial at all?

Progressive Goo

The improving mind, however, has won itself a formidable reputation for transforming alchemically America's grosser clays, and so it occurred to many people that the Bicentennial, under the direction of the right people, might be saved from *lumpen* manifestations. It was, they decided, a matter of education: of teaching people to eschew animal excitement. One of the gaudiest alchemists of them all, Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr., reasoned circumspectly last spring that "If the Bicentennial is to serve any purpose it must lead to thoughtful and courageous assessment of our past. . . . We must . . . ask what has gone wrong. We must avoid self-congratulation and chauvinist brag. We must . . . affirm the values of mind and conscience."

National commentators found this line congenial; as, of course, did the academic community, by nature susceptible to the satisfactions of teaching somebody something that they know and he doesn't. "Most of the people won't understand [the meaning of the Bicentennial]," observed Professor Richard B. Morris, the colonial historian, to *Newsweek*; "Most of the projects devised so far are festive rather than philosophical," he complained to the *Washington Post*, adding, "There have been so many ineptitudes in the handling of the Bicentennial that we really need a greater length of time to get the meaning of the Revolution over to the American public." Thus were Schlesinger, Morris, et al. turning to an historic vehicle for satisfying a people hungry for worldly pleasure: the sermon as nutritive entertainment.

If a certain Puritan strain was detectable in the running debate over how best to celebrate the Bicentennial, there was also a strong whiff of a later flower of American culture. Goo-gooism, the political pros used to call it: the effluence of a predominantly WASPish and very genteel civic morality. Predictably, this vein was worked most effectively by Mr. John D. Rockefeller III, who last year declared that "If we allow the birthday-party concept to prevail, we will have missed a once-in-a-century opportunity to stimulate a sense of renewal and rededication, even an American renaissance." True to the spirit of the Progressive goody-goodies who had

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harassed his grandfather, Rockefeller suggested a "declaration" calling for "lifting our country and moving it forward"; an "American Issues Forum" to present to the country each month a calendar of "basic issues" for the citizenry to ponder; and a "Citizen's Involvement Network" with a mission to encourage citizens to participate in determining the future of their communities. This pious and ineffectual nonsense suggested scores of bog Irishmen, pursued by Episcopalians bearing tracts, fleeing into saloons and the protective arms of the ward bosses. Its primary assumption was that one committee is worth a million illegal firecrackers, four million hotdogs, five hundred thousand patriotic speeches, and two million willing girlfriends.

The ARBA v. *the PBC*

The principal bogey to haunt the civic dreams of both Puritans and Progressives was the Federal Government's official Master of Birthday Ceremonies: absurdly, they failed utterly to comprehend the nature of his national offensiveness. To them, John Warner—a Washington socialite formerly joined in connubial disharmony with a Mellon—was Mr. Buy-Centennial, custodian of the Federal Seal of Bad Taste with which he promiscuously stamped tubes of tricolored toothpaste, Ben Franklin dolls, Bicentennial banjos, and other commercial detritus. Let Warner present the president of Coca-Cola, at the dedication of the Freedom Train (which the company had underwritten), with Franklin's copy of a draft of the Articles of Confederation, and the Mugwumps at once set up a terrific caterwauling against corporate evil.

Undoubtedly Warner's American Revolution Bicentennial Administration is a vile engine, but hardly because of its comfortable association with corporate America. What it represents is not the pre-eminence of the business spirit in America, but rather the redirection of powerful national energies that formerly found release in felling trees, rechanneling rivers, raising crops, withstanding blizzards—not to mention founding corporations—but that for the past half-century have increasingly sought their outlet in devising organization charts, writing memos, preparing regulations, and harassing the citizenry. The ARBA has been receiving annually a federal stipend of $10 million—$1.25 million of which it distributes to the fifty states to spend on Bicentennial titillations of their own devising—and it is charged with the instigation and coordination of nationwide festivities. Yet when Mr. Robert Sherrill, the journalist, visited the ARBA offices in the spring of 1975 he found but one tangible product of its activities: an inch-thick volume entitled "Official Register of Bicentennial Activities," containing a list of 3,000 problematical events more or less scheduled to take place in the United States on or before July 4, 1976. "Yesterday," Warner told Sherrill, "I went down to see the Under Secretary of Transportation and we worked out a series of road symbols to be used during the Bicentennial period." Warner also told Sherrill that he talked "constantly. That's my biggest role."

It must be said of Warner, however, that, though a damned bureaucrat, he is no fool. Replying to the "Buy-Centennial" critics, he has said: "I take this commercialization thing head-on. . . . The Free Enterprise System is just as important under the Bill of Rights as Freedom of Speech"—a notion that has not endeared him to the arch-enemy of the Bicentennial, Jeremy Rifkin, the ageing antiwar agitator turned founder of the People's Bicentennial Commission.

Rifkin's pitch to the American people is calculated to appeal to the populist tradition in American politics, a tradition which Irving Kristol has called "basic to any democracy—indispensable to its establishment but also, ironically, inimical to its survival." Yet Rifkin is a bogus populist, and a hypocritical one. Under a Bryanesque pledge to return the country to its individualistic past, he proposes to rekindle the native revolutionary tradition exemplified by Sam Adams and Tom Paine: "To take patriotism away from the DAR and the American Legion" and return it to the hands of linsey-woolsey Americans. Rifkin, of course, is deceitful. Not only does he quote most selectively from the mouths of his exhibited waxworks (does Rifkin know that Paine said, "I have always been a friend to riches," or that Franklin asked rhetorically, "Is not the hope of being able one day to purchase and enjoy luxuries a great spur to labor and industry?"), but he has only contempt—the contempt of the European radical—for the economic freedoms which his defunct "allies" considered the *sine qua non* of both personal and political freedoms. That a Labor Department study calculated that the Bicentennial observances would bring a total of 35,000 new jobs to Washington, D.C. alone is not a fact that would endear those festivities to the PBC: one suspects that the kind of morality that inspires Rifkin is the same that prompted a gang of kids to set upon a Washington street vendor, smash his supply of Lincoln ashtrays, and warn the man never to return with his cart to the neighborhood.

"Guns," Rifkin has said, "don't finally determine what keeps people in power—it's the psychology of the dominant myths. What we're saying is that it's either Tom Paine cheeseburgers or us." He is convinced that, in the wake of Vietnam and Watergate, the event that will prove most formative of the next generation of Americans is the Bicentennial, and by issuing a call for a half-million demonstrators to converge upon the Capital, he expected to make of that Bicentennial an act of psychological warfare.

What a Party!

Thus the Most Glorious Fourth dawned upon the mad scurrying of officious pests: people who insisted that to celebrate history is to ratify its evils; people who believed that a public education seminar is of greater moral efficacy than a party; people who wished, for want of something better to do with their time, to color-coordinate the festivities of thousands of localities; people who wished to turn the Fourth into a grotesque parody of itself, a sort of rubber Nixon mask. Yet the day was a smashing, unequivocal success, whose celebrants showed no more signs of having listened to the goo-goos, the divines, the bureaucrats, or the Marxists than any of those eminentoes showed of having ever read the words of Booth Tarkington. For this miracle, I suppose, there is no rational explanation—or at any rate, no provable one. Perhaps the Declaration of Independence actually succeeded in putting the United States of America directly under the special providence of God, who thereupon made up His mind to ignore His vicars there.

The country did none of the things urged upon it by the clerisy. It in-

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ANOTHER VOICE

Get Them Fell In

AUBERON WAUGH

I SPENT LAST week as a National Health patient in the local Taunton hospital with a painful and undignified affliction called a fistula, on which I do not propose to dwell. Unlike many people, I flourish in hospital; I enjoy operations and adore the attention of pretty, sympathetic, efficient young nurses in their ravishingly attractive uniforms. On the first and only occasion I was asked to appear on the BBC's *Any Questions*—it must have been about ten years ago and I have an uneasy feeling that if I was going to be asked again, I would have heard by now—somebody asked where the panel would like to spend its retirement. At the time, I was rather taken with mental hospitals, as I was visiting a friend who had temporarily lost a few screws, so I brightly remarked that I would like to spend mine in a loony-bin.

The other guests were Enoch Powell, Lord Wigg, and the inevitable Marghanita Laski. Everybody was rather nervous at the time in case Enoch said something shocking. I can't remember where Enoch said he would like to spend his retirement—probably on some Greek island or other—but when he was speaking the telephone rang on David Jacobs' desk and we all relapsed into terrified silence.

Within seconds we learned that it was I who had blundered. Jacobs' lizard-like eyes fixed on me with loathing and deep moral repugnance. "On the BBC, we do not talk about 'loony-bins,' " he said in tones of icy contempt.

"Oh, ah. Rightyho," I said.

"We talk about hospitals for the mentally sick," he said.

"That's what I meant," I said cunningly.

There was a long, pregnant pause during which I had the uncomfortable impression that he was waiting for me to apologize. Some greasy, gin-stained BBC mandarin on the fifth floor had been listening to the program and decided to exercise his Authority. At that moment, my career as Radio Pundit curled up like an old lettuce leaf.

Yet when I compare the ghastly solemnity of David Jacobs' rebuke with the cheerful informality, the friendliness, the pure, womb-like cosiness of the various bins I have visited, I wish I had been less diffident. A few readers may begin to feel nervous at this point, fearing that I am about to go into a long maunder about how only the mad are truly sane, how the dividing line between sanity and madness is so fine that only God can really perceive it, etc., etc. They can relax. In my experience, if a person is genuinely loopy you can tell it a mile off. In fact I often recognize such people sitting opposite me in the Underground, and it is all I can do to leave the train when it reaches my destination, rather than pass the time of day with them. The reason for my long digression on the subject of loony-bins is that I have noticed what appears to me to be a significant increase in the proportion of nurses in them who are black.

Cerebrally Indisposed

This will not worry me at all in my retirement, since one of the few "progressive" instincts which come naturally to me is a liking for Africans. So far as one can generalize on these matters, I will be happier for my daughters to marry middle-class Africans than working-class Englishmen if I have any say in the matter, which I rather fear I won't. My reason for mentioning the high proportion of black nurses in our—ah—clinics for the cerebrally indisposed is to draw attention to what is presumably the cause of it, that psychiatric nursing is yet another occupation which the autochthonous English themselves are less and less prepared to undertake.

The question may soon have to be asked whether there are any jobs at all which the English are still prepared to do, but that is not the purpose of the present inquiry. My reason for drawing attention to the shortage of autochthonous nurses in psychiatric hospitals—I believe there has been a similar, although not quite so dramatic, fall in applicants for general nursing—is that the job requires not only discipline, training, and hard work but also other qualities like compassion and dedication. And it is this second list of requirements which seems as much in short supply as the first.

The Idle, Ignorant Young

We read a great deal about how the younger generation are more open-minded, more tolerant, more concerned for social justice than their parents. Every politician who has ever kissed a blubbering, sugar-stuffed baby in his constituency tells us so. I am almost sure it is a load of codswallop. The chief identifiable characteristic of the 20 to 25 age group in England is surely its overpowering wetness. Obviously there are exceptions, but few of them, in my experience, are male. This wetness is compounded for the most part of the following ingredients: idleness, ignorance, lack of curiosity, cowardice, selfishness, and simple stupidity.

I can't explain this last characteristic unless it is something to do with all the sugar they are given. (This also hastens puberty in girls, I was fascinated to learn last week, which is why children of poorer families are not only fatter but also more sexually developed than children of the middle class. It has nothing to do with the poor being unable to afford meat. Being stupider, they simply stuff their children with sweets. Jolly interesting.) On the other hand, this stupidity may be the symptom of a greater cultural and racial degeneration such as once befell whoever it was who used to live in Nineveh and Tyre.

If we are really involved in a process of biological decline, there doesn't seem much we can do about it, and it rather falls outside the scope of this article, which is to urge the return of National Service.

Plainly, this would not be of the slightest military advantage and might easily do the army irreparable harm, but the army is not my first concern.

(Continues on page 913)

Mr. Waugh is a regular columnist for The Spectator, *in which this piece first appeared.*

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The Ford Mentality

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

PRESIDENT FORD lost the California primary 2 to 1, and won the Michigan primary 2 to 1. He could carry neither state against Mr. Carter—nor much else.

These observations are prompted by your servant's attendance at the convention of the Republican Party of Michigan, which occurred a week after Mr. Ford's defeat in California. I was there as a Reagan county delegate—a rare species in Michigan. The vast majority present were Ford delegates, but they were dispirited and rather sullen.

President Ford's name was uttered frequently by the platform speakers; it evoked polite but brief applause, and no demonstrations. Mr. Earl Butz, the keynoter, talked more of party unity than of Mr. Ford's virtues. The four aspirants to the Republican senatorial nomination promised to support "the Republican presidential candidate"—not naming Mr. Ford.

Over the convention hung a cloud of dullness, sufficiently appropriate to the Ford Administration. Almost nobody in Michigan detests Gerald Ford; but, even in Michigan, almost nobody is wild about him.

The only interesting aspect of Michigan's Republican convention was the approval, by voice vote mostly, of three "issues" statements got up by the state Issues Committee. These curious "issues" were not produced by the Republican Party leadership. Governor Milliken, Lieutenant Governor Damman, Senator Griffin, and several Republican congressmen—Ford supporters all—are able and intelligent politicians: they must have shuddered privately at the tone of these "issues."

The first ran thus: "Congressional policy in recent years has advocated 'ecological purity' while ignoring energy needs. Therefore, the United States Government should encourage, through private enterprise, the development of energy sources to enable the United States to become independent of foreign energy supplies. This policy should put primary emphasis on energy needs rather than environmental quality." This deliberate slap in the face to environmentalists is not the way to win elections; nor ought national policy to be either "energy" or "ecology," as if the two were mutually exclusive. Yet this resolution was carried by a thumping majority—and nearly all its advocates were Ford delegates.

The second issue was put this way: "The United States Congress should eliminate the federal debt and initiate a Constitutional Amendment requiring a balanced federal budget." However much one may confess to a sneaking sympathy with such sentiments, nobody in the brief debate on this resolution mentioned that the federal debt originally was funded by George Washington and Alexander Hamilton. Nor was there any discussion of the two ways in which the federal debt might be "eliminated": 1) repudiation, which would mean the collapse of the American economy; 2) trying to pay it off promptly, which is impossible.

HERE IS the third "issue": "The U.S. Congress should act with dispatch to reform the welfare system of this country and replace it with a work-incentive program designed to get cheats off the rolls and provide more assistance for those in real need." Wouldn't that be nice? Yes; but one suspects that the naïveté and imprudence of these phrases adequately express the degree of knowledge possessed by the authors of this resolution. Several other "issues," not approved by the Issues Committee, were rejected without a vote or defeated on the floor; with a single exception, they deserved to be crushed. There was one intelligent resolution, to the effect that the Federal Government ought not to pay for abortions on demand; the dominant element at the convention prevented this from coming to a vote.

Now the three adopted "issues" sound like what liberal journalists call "Reagan positions." But they were proposed and adopted by the Ford delegates; the leading Reagan delegates generally disapproved of these caricatures of Mr. Reagan's positions. One draws these conclusions: 1) the people who voted for Ford in Michigan are not liberals; 2) they are not politically astute; 3) if Gerald Ford is nominated, the Democrats will take Michigan.

Only new faces will save the Republican Party in Michigan and other states. At the Michigan convention, only one relatively new face was conspicuous and popular: that of Mr. Thomas E. Brennan, formerly chief justice of Michigan's Supreme Court, now head of the Cooley Law School. Mr. Brennan seeks the Republican senatorial nomination to replace Senator Philip Hart, Democrat, retiring at the end of this session of Congress. He probably could carry Michigan against whomever the Democrats may nominate—particularly because Mr. Brennan has the support of powerful "right to life" people.

Then could Ronald Reagan carry Michigan? Conceivably. He is on the right side of those vague "issues" endorsed by the Michigan convention; more important, he is on the right side of two heated issues, abortion and "busing." All the Ford speakers at the convention bemoaned the centralization of power in Washington and the incubus of federal bureaucracy—as if they were on the outside looking in, instead of being, actually, already in nominal control of the executive force. Mr. Reagan would be a new broom sweeping clean.

MR. CARTER is not strong in Michigan: though the union bosses were on his side, he very nearly lost the Democratic primary there to that implausible and irrelevant candidate Mr. Morris Udall. Mr. Reagan's rhetoric and presence just might undo Carter in November. But Mr. Ford is as dull as the Michigan Republican convention.

If President Ford could not carry even his own Michigan against Carter, what state could he carry? Not California; not Pennsylvania; not New York; not Texas; not Illinois. "I am electable," says Mr. Ford, plaintively. He isn't.

But Mr. Reagan may be. Against Carter he would carry California, Texas, and much more. That is one reason why Michigan's Republican leaders have ceased to say hard things about Ronald Reagan. □

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Arts & Manners

SPORT

TERRY EASTLAND

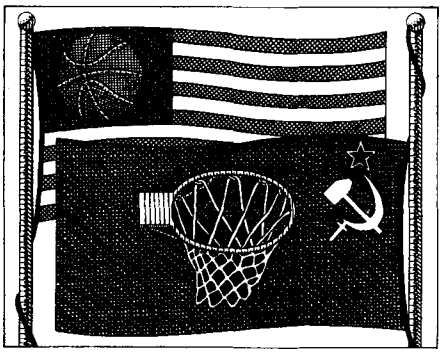
Basketball, Amen

"Everything is what it is, and not another thing," wrote Joseph Butler. But of course man, now become the measure of all things, has learned how to make one thing into quite something else. Shortly after Bishop Butler passed on, Immanuel Kant, dumbstruck by practical reason, began mischievously reducing religion to morality. In time, morality was to suffer; by the turn of this century, it had begun its precipitous slide into "good vibrations"—and, for those with consciences still to satisfy, into politics, alas.

Indeed, as everything has become something else, everything has tended to become, below all else, politics. Take sport, for example. Where would one expect to find sport still itself and not some palsying politics? Probably wherever sport is given to its highest ideal, that is, to the ideal of noble competition as nuanced by form, grace, and desire; probably the Olympic Games.

But how about recent Olympics? The current adulteration of the games, after all, is by no means entirely the work of Pierre Trudeau. In 1968, the victorious black American sprinters, receiving medals as "The Star Spangled Banner" played, held their defiant fists aloft in protest against the mother country. In 1972, two more victorious black Americans performed a similar stunt at Munich. Also that year, when a number of black African nations threatened to withdraw because of Rhodesia's entry, the International Olympic Committee decided to rescind that country's invitation. And then—ah, yes—there was: the game. The United States–Soviet Union basketball game. The one for the Gold Medal. The one we lost. Can one forget the Alamo?

Our guys go ahead by a point with three seconds to go. Soviets' ball, they inbound and arrive midcourt, one second to go and . . . hold it! A disturbance at courtside. Play it again. Okay. Soviets now throw a full-court pass, it goes awry, time expires, and our guys celebrate victory. But wait! Something about the Russians not getting a "fair chance." Inexplicable, but . . . the clock is reset to three seconds. A pass, a shot, and a Russian victory. Our guys in shock. Later the game is appealed to a five-country jury; but what are the odds when Poland, Hungary, Cuba, Italy, and Puerto Rico make up the jury? Say, 3 to 2? Our Olympic basketball team was so galled by the manner of defeat that it refused its silver medal.



Since that baneful day in 1972, sports writers and pundits have been talking about the great American desire to beat the Russians in this year's Olympic Games. The games have been publicized, certainly in athletic terms, but also, Butler's dictum being relevant here, in political lingo. So last month, trying to take the measure of reductionism in the Bicentennial Year, I looked in on our American Olympic team, and what do you know? A half-dozen of the country's best players, wanting to avoid injury because of imminent professional contracts, didn't even show up for the trials in Raleigh, North Carolina. Of the 56 guys who did show, a bunch of them couldn't even gasp through a preliminary mile run. Of those who stayed the week, several dropped out with minor injuries.

From those 15 who made the team, moreover, I couldn't get a word about referees or scorekeepers or even Russians. Understand, however, our basketball team in preparation wasn't indifferent to the task ahead, that of representing the United States in Montreal; it was merely, as I happily discovered, indifferent to the tempting politics of the situation. Matter of fact, I didn't find any Olympians curling an athletic lip for the sake of politics. None of those snits from the black players; no kinky, Bill Walton-type comments from the white guys; just basketball. And true, good, and beautiful basketball at that. Our Olympians were fast-breaking, pressing in the backcourt, shooting outrageously well.

Never in other Olympic years have the Americans unveiled this kind of basketball, the best basketball. Bach, transposed. Baron Pierre de Coubertin, who founded the modern Olympic Games, would have loved it. It is the game raised to such a high art form that any politics that might intrude are burned away by its sheer grace and beauty. Which is why I suspect the rest of the basketball world, including bloody Russia, will fall before it in Montreal.

I DID run into a few reductionists as the team played its several exhibition games around the state of North Carolina. But I wonder whether their remarks weren't tongue-in-cheek, and thus supportive of my finding.

During the last game I saw in Greensboro against the Denver Nuggets, a professional team, one grandstander mulled over the Olympic roster. "The question is," he said, "whether we are going to be Number One or Number Two against the Russians. That, remember, is Ronald Reagan's big question. Now of the 15 players chosen, I see that six are from North Carolina schools, three from Indiana. What was the first primary state Reagan won? And what was the state he couldn't win but won in the Midwest? I think there's a good omen here . . ."

Terry Eastland *writes for the* Greensboro (N.C.) Record, *not—as recently reported here—the* Greensboro Daily News.

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"You're absolutely right," said another. "If we become Number One again in basketball, as in international life, it'll be because of the Sunbelt. Every player, except one, is from a Southern or Western state."

"And the referees we'll be sending to Montreal," spoke up another, "well, they're both from North Carolina too, so . . ."

Out on the court, our basketball players certainly weren't being facetious. They had their art to attend to, often, as tonight, before nearly sellout crowds. The spectators were noticeably enthusiastic, not about the politics of the Olympics but about the game of basketball itself—good evidence that the average citizen, like our Olympic players, is, Trudeau et al. notwithstanding, less politicized than in years past.

I was departing the Greensboro Coliseum when an old friend, now a Jimmy Carter intellectual, caught me from behind.

"I heard those guys talking about Reagan and who's Number One and Number Two. I thought you'd like to know," he grinned, "that Carter also won North Carolina and Indiana, and most of those Sunbelt states. We'll beat the Russians at Montreal, all right, but not with more defense dollars. We'll do it with love."

We laughed. Sure, basketball is what it is, not a lot of *agape*. But if my friend didn't know the good Bishop's wise saying, he was at least living its truth. That's why, you see, I added an amen. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Exhibitions and Inhibitions

Rather ironically, the most entrancing novelties to surface on the New York art scene this past season were not to be found in the highly touted special exhibitions. Instead, they came from the permanent collections of two museums, the Metropolitan and the Guggenheim, but they were new to the public because they had seldom if ever been shown before. In December, the Met gave over its temporary exhibition space to the cream of the "more than 15,000 works of art" (to quote from the catalogue) it has acquired in the last ten years, a marvelous potpourri that ranged from an Italian Renaissance bed to totem poles. Now the Guggenheim is making a similar gesture: 200 painting from its seldom-seen holdings of pre-1945 works will grace its curved walls till September. Both shows fascinated critics better known for their acidity than for favorable notices, and both did well attendance-wise.

But why, you may ask, if these institutions possess such remarkable things, has the public been made to wait so long to see them? The question is not an idle one, nor does it apply only to these two museums. To be fair, it should be noted that many of the Guggenheim's paintings, though never before shown together, have adorned temporary shows there. As for the Met, its more spectacular buying coups—the headline-making multi-million-dollar paintings, that Greek vase about whose export the Italian government is still making rumbling noises—have been integrated into the regular galleries, as have other, less conspicuous acquisitions. But many others, apparently no less beautiful or important—that Italian bed, for instance—had been languishing in storage for years.

OF COURSE, no museum, no matter how large, ever shows all its holdings. For one thing, it never has enough room. The Guggenheim is especially cramped, even with the wing recently added to the original Frank Lloyd Wright building; the Guggenheim now occupies every bit of land available to it. The Metropolitan has been grabbing up Central Park real estate for over 100 years; currently it has yet another huge new wing under construction that will, it promises, solve its space problems for the foreseeable future. We hope so—but it's a safe bet that its vaults, like those of nearly every museum in this country or abroad, will continue to overflow.

Many factors contribute to this. Perhaps an object is too bulky, or in poor condition. It may duplicate something already installed, or it may be an inferior work, of interest only to scholars. It may even—ssh—have turned out to be a fake. Sometimes, however, there seems to be no discernible reason for its concealment except accident or curatorial whim. And as it reposes in a basement undisturbed except by the low whirr of the air conditioner, the curators are out scouring the market for new finds. All directors and curators suffer from a bad case of that common disease, the "gimmes." No matter how crowded their display cases, how bulging their painting racks, they want more. More and better. Of course, their function is to build their collections, and this is obviously a good thing: the more works are pried out of private hands and put in museums, the more are—or at least should be—available to the public.

THAT this is what, all too often, does not happen is ascribable to another, even more virulent disease endemic to museum authorities, the door-count obsession. The dream of crowds lining the streets clamoring to get in is enough to turn the most dignified, Cardin-suited museum director into a Broadway tout, willing to try anything from porno movies (avant-garde High Art ones, to be sure) to New Music to dance groups from Peoria or Bangladesh in hopes of building attendance figures—the only barometer trustees, foundation heads, and corporate donors are supposed to understand. But his main ploy—he is, after all, running an *art* museum—is the Special Exhibition. This costs a lot of money, it's a pain in the neck to prepare and install—but it can be advertised in the subways and will draw the critics and the Saturday-afternoon art crowd. This is not to imply that events like these are all bad. Many of them have launched new and promising talent; others have summed up, or thrown new light on, an established artist or period; still others, like the Museum of Modern Art's recent display of the early twentieth century Fauve painters, are a visual feast. But all too often they're simply exercises in pretentiousness or blow-ups of ephemera—as Broadway well knows, you can't win 'em all—apparently undertaken with no purpose other than to fill galleries that might better have been used for a display of the time-tested art lying fallow in the basement.

The technique of programming one loan show after another was pioneered by the Museum of Modern Art back in the Thirties (when its own collection was nearly nonexistent) as a way of acquainting American audiences with the varying aspects of that then-strange new phenomenon, modern art. Since that time, it has become a commonplace,

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with many prestigious institutions—the Guggenheim, for instance, and the Whitney Museum of American Art—doing nothing but mount one special after another. Old-time vaudeville may be dead in America, but it lingers in the art world.

Luckily for them, museums don't have to close if they've got a flop or are panned by the critics. Still, it is a question whether the public, to whom, after all, they are responsible, is well served by this show-biz policy. Museums everywhere are crying poor, and it's true that inflation has hurt them badly. Most of them are now charging admission (and why shouldn't they? Think of the price of an orchestra seat for *Chorus Line*!), but they still haven't a hope of paying for even the cheapest loan show without help from the government, a foundation, or a corporation seeking a tax write-off. So far all have been forthcoming. But if these sources, too, dry up, museums may have to trim their programs and fill their premises with the contents of their storage bins. Attendance figures might fall a bit—they have, anyway, because of admission charges—but museums would need fewer guards, their insurance cost would drop, and those who really love art could examine their treasures without a whole crowd breathing down their necks. And the museums would be fulfilling their time-honored role of collectors, exhibitors, and preservers of our artistic heritage. It might not be a bad idea. □

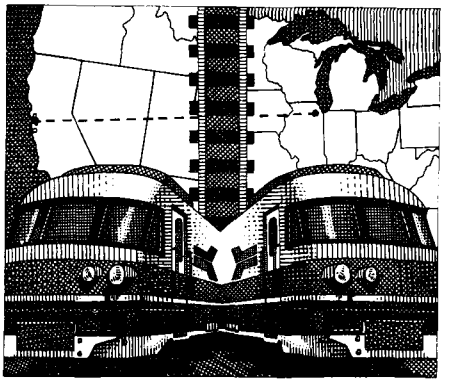
TRAVEL

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Heading Home

The courtly gentleman from the *Christian Science Monitor* has just finished telling me how he got from Irkutsk, Siberia to Ulan Bator, Mongolia, but he suggests I don't try it. It must have been, reminisces Bill Hughes, about on a par with that three-day drive they both once took from Addis Ababa to Asmara. They smile in memory of discomforts past. It will be a long time before Ron Butler forgets the *pièce de résistance* at a recent *fête champêtre* in Germany, the Bavarian musician who played a flute with his nose. So go conversations among veteran travel writers. But that was another day, another trip.

We gaze idly out the window. It's 8:30 and still light over the desert. We're pounding through a vast expanse of nothingness, at sixty or seventy miles an hour, somewhere between Reno and Winnemucca, Nevada: sand, scrub growth, no signs of habitation, nature forbidding and inhospitable. In the distance a low range of mountains crenellates the deepening evening sky. There is no magnificent sunset programmed tonight, but the clouds that were blue-grey a moment back are crisping around the edges with purple and bronze. Out there, somewhere, men are knocking themselves out, manhandling their heavy trailer trucks and buses down the Interstates toward the Great Salt Lake Desert while we dig into steaks and brook trout in the cool, clean, well-appointed diner of Amtrak's *San Francisco Zephyr*.



We left San Francisco this morning. We'll pull into Chicago day after tomorrow. It's one of the longest train trips in the world (2,404 miles), second only to the Trans-Siberian trek. It's also the last leg of a ten-day journey that will have taken our group of travel writers by rail across the country from Chicago to Los Angeles, up the California coast from San Diego to San Francisco, and back through and over the Sierras to Chicago. Five thousand, three hundred, fifty miles all told. A renascent way of looking at America in an age when speed is king, and the joys of long-distance rail travel all but forgotten.

Today starts with a pleasant, unhurried continental breakfast in bed at the Sheraton Fisherman's Wharf Hotel. I open my suitcase, sigh. After eight days on the road the Trojan Wars might have been fought in it. I tidy it up, pack what I will need for tomorrow and Sunday on top, and at 10:30 we board a bus for Oakland where the *Zephyr* awaits. It pulls out right on time, and an hour or so later we congregate in the "hospitality suite," a double bedroom where six or seven of us can sit comfortably, for a pre-lunch Bloody Mary. We've just pulled out of Sacramento. It's a marshy area, very flat and greener than anything we had seen in parched summertime California. There, in the distance, silhouetted against the hot noonday sky, are row upon row of ships, part of the World War II mothball fleet, waiting, thirty years later, for a call to the sea that everyone hopes will never come.

Sacramento: altitude thirty feet. In the next three and a half hours we climb 5,519 feet to a pass at Truckee, California. It was just three miles away that a group of pioneers came to grief in 1846. Where most of them faltered and so many of them died, and some of them were eaten, is called Donner Pass.

As we start the climb it is dry. Red clay hills, straw-colored ground cover, pines. I'm in the lounge at the rear of the train. I watch the engines and the forward coaches curve around the mountain, out of sight, then snake back into view. Now the engine is crossing a trestle bridge high over a busily traveled highway. There are no fences in these mountains. On the trip west from Chicago to Los Angeles, a thousand miles of fences had lined the tracks, hundred of thousands of postholes dug, a million miles of wire strung. But that was largely cattle and farm country. Here we are in the mountains, mining and fur-trading country. Just east of Truckee we see the first of a number of snow-covered slopes. Great wooden bridges have been built over the tracks here to protect them from winter blizzards and avalanches. We hug the mountain to our right. On our left the ground falls away sharply to the valley with its blue-green lakes and streams. A mountain rain blows quickly over us. Ahead the sun catches the snow on the peaks. I look up through the glass in the dome and catch sight—just before we skitter around another curve—of brightly painted ski-lift chairs, hanging still in the summer air. Brother, will they be cold come winter.

It's dark now. We leave the diner for the lounge, another cup of coffee or a nightcap, and straggle off to bed. We

(Continues on page 915)

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BOOKS

The Pedernales Gatsby

Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream
By Doris Kearns
Harper, 432 pp., $12.50

ROBERT W. MERRY

It has become commonplace these days to speak of the "tragedy" of Lyndon Johnson, and that's probably as apt a term as any to describe the career of this complicated, sometimes awesome politician whose hubris in power was legendary, whose humiliation upon leaving it nearly complete. But all this talk of the tragic Johnson is really just a lead-in for the conventional interpretation of Johnson's rise and fall.

Up around Cambridge, Mass., and other such places, that interpretation is as unchanging in its course as the Charles River, and goes something like this: He was a giant of a man, a personality of prodigious force whose capacity for accumulating power, manipulating people, and stage-managing events is probably unexcelled in this century. His uncanny insight into institutions and people, accompanied by his relentless energy and drive, guaranteed impressive success as a student politico, as a young congressional aide, and most notably as Senate majority leader, in which capacity he ran the Senate for six years as it rarely had been run before and probably will never be run again. His mastery over Congress continued even after he became President; he was obsessed with the dream of out-New-Dealing the New Deal, which, for a brief moment in history, he accomplished. But then came Vietnam, the nation's great lesson in the limits of American global power. The war exposed Johnson's fatal flaw—his blindness to the limits of power—and destroyed his political career, leaving him a wounded lion in the midst of a herd of stampeding gazelles. And so he retreated to the Pedernales a broken man with nothing much more important to do than to browbeat his ranch hands as once he had browbeaten White House staffers, Cabinet secretaries, and a Vice President.

IT'S A SAD tale. And it's told with touching sensitivity and a great deal of insight in this book, which is about three parts biography and one part autobiography. The autobiographical material consists of a series of conversations between the author and Johnson during the retired President's last years on the ranch, and Miss Kearns weaves these conversations into her narrative with great skill, brilliantly illuminating the Johnson personality.

But in the end her interpretation is the conventional one: the story of a masterful politician destroyed because his preoccupation with power itself, as distinct from its uses, blinded him to the wisdom offered during those dark days by—well, by Doris Kearns and her friends up in Cambridge. But, it seems to me—and this impression comes in part from reading this book—that the tragedy of Lyndon Johnson was not that he didn't understand the limits of power; you could make the case that victory in Vietnam, much more than the eradication of poverty in America, was an obtainable goal, if American power had been used imaginatively. No, the tragedy of Lyndon Johnson was that he was a man ahead of his time; hence ashamed of his Southwestern heritage; hence too susceptible to the smooth influence of those "Harvards" (as he called them); and hence a tragic failure—in domestic no less than in foreign policy.

Johnson's behavior was shaped by a great internal conflict, manifest in his conversations with Miss Kearns, between his mother's demands for intellectual achievement and his father's frontier notion of manly pride. Manly pride won out—he was essentially his daddy's boy—but throughout his life he harbored deeply ambiguous feelings toward his mother's influence and toward those Harvards who seemed so refined and polished compared to himself with his rough-hewn ways.

After all, when Johnson became President, Harvard seemed the very soul of all that was socially, culturally,

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and politically "in." It was epitomized by John Kennedy, the nation's fallen hero, an elegant intellectual with grace and wit and style, and by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., whose bow ties were as conspicuous as his intellectual arrogance. Johnson knew he was as smart as these people, and had more understanding of the world besides. But they were in vogue and he wasn't; so, try as he might, he never was able to shake his sense of inferiority. And he did try: he listened to the Harvards on domestic policy and gave them the Great Society. He listened to them on foreign policy and gave them the Vietnam War—escalating it gradually so as not to jeopardize his Great Society. And, after that policy left him sufficiently exposed, after he was hopelessly mired in an ill-conceived war effort that the nation had grown weary of, the Harvards and their youthful followers did just what he always knew they would: they turned on him in his greatest hour of need.

BUT ONE wonders: What kind of leader would Johnson have been if he had been more confident of his regional heritage and less obsessed with those Harvards? The question is all the more fascinating because of what is happening in the country these days—politically, economically, demographically, culturally. What is happening is that the South is rising again, sending us Jimmy Carter, country music, the citizens' band radio craze; gaining on the rest of the country in population, business opportunities, and share of the Gross National Product; markedly influencing our styles, arts, journalism, and habits of mind. Meanwhile, the Cambridge brand of liberalism is in decline, Kennedy's name is besmirched, and—as James Burnham has remarked—who would bother pushing Arthur Schlesinger into Ethel Kennedy's swimming pool these days?

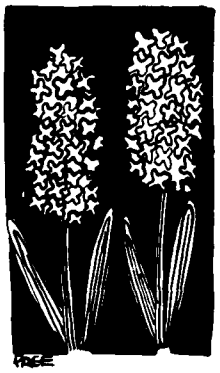
There is a certain irony in all this, perhaps exemplified by Walt W. Rostow, the Johnson advisor who was blackballed by the prestigious Eastern universities for his Vietnam sins. With Johnson's help, Rostow ended up at the University of Texas; today, young professors at Harvard might do well to get him on the phone and ask about job prospects down there, where the action is. This irony might not have much impact on history's treatment of the Johnson Presidency, which has been harsh and figures to remain harsh. But it may be the real tragedy of the Johnson story. □

I Hear America Swinging
By Peter De Vries
Little, Brown, 211 pp., $7.95

NO R_x FOR MENOPAUSE

D. KEITH MANO

Peter De Vries must've written my front lawn. If ever sentences could use a broad-leaf weed killer, his could. "Suitable cocktail paraphernalia being guaranteed by the farmer's current urbanization, three Bloody Marys were soon whipped up, for the women were joining me." As a stylist De Vries goes bra-less; his D-cup participles dangle all over you. The tone is essentially comedic. Heck, what character could get maimed or murdered in a sentence like that? Not one sharp edge. DeVries' writing is forty years old—Benchley, Woollcott, immature Kaufman—it dates from humor columns in the *Evening Mail*. And, when he isn't indulging in long words, modifying his modifiers, De Vries will preposition and pronoun and article you to death. "That was the aspect of it about which there appeared to be some doubt, however." Not sentences: necklaces strung by a Gibraltar baboon at midnight. De Vries writes as grad students in sociology write: for other grad students in sociology. Enough to syntax anyone's patience.



Let me use De Vries' prose style: it's a serviceable metaphor: it apes his comic formula. Nouns exist for their adjectives: so, too, protagonist for cameo walk-ons; plot for digressions. The orgy scene, say, is less momentous than one of its dangling participants: for example, De Vries' hunky woman wrestler, who will attack an orgasm as she would a pin. This is the nature—one nature, anyhow—of comedy: re-emphasis, misemphasis. A bridge in De Vries' plot will be written cursorily—like those pronoun–article–preposition sentences—to get it out of the way. Which is why authors prefer black comedy. Not because they're morose by disposition, but because white or pure comedy is, no contest, the most exacting art form. A dull scene in black comedy might pass for one with some sort of opaque significance. In white comedy you can be too damned good for your own good. A real knee-slapper on page ten will orphan page nine and page eleven. Critics love the word "uneven"; its their favorite put-down. A white comic has to be consistent as a bomb-squad defuser.

De Vries is pretty even. If his prose has a coy and slipshod sound, his EKG reports, graphs the American beat. De Vries knows us: how we eat, pray, make love, appreciate art. He has an affection for affectation. There's the religious service that will end, not with coffee hour, but with a thing called "après church." Just right: coffee hour in 1976 has become part of the liturgy. You might as well say, "This is Mrs. C's jelly doughnut, eat it in remembrance of us." Or De Vries' doctor: he won't make house calls, but he will meet the patient half-way—if, no matter how sick, he can get to a certain street corner in time. Or De Vries' college girl: she is given credits (by the sociology department, of course) for being pregnant in her NRT (non-resident term). That kind of insight has to be worth several dozen demure and overwritten paragraphs.

Comedy will take things to an extreme. Not De Vries: De Vries will take them to Iowa. He has re-established the New York swing set—its mores and feeding habits—in Dubuque-like Middle City. Overexaggeration can jeopardize humor. But this shrewd place-swap serves as a deductible clause in De Vries' comic insurance. It's safe to say that anything New York done in Iowa will have natural, riskless exaggerations. Notably when a farmer tries to use "brittle dialogue." That is: patter made up of quotations, fey rejoinders, name-dropping, and puns. And puns. And puns.

"He's keen on urban affairs—not that he doesn't have a thing or two going in the country as well."

". . . maybe we can leave the doilies too . . . are you pro- or anti-macassar?"

David Brudnoy *is an American historian and a TV and radio commentator.* . . . **Clare Boothe Luce** *is, among other things, a playwright; her works include* The Women *and* Kiss the Boys Goodbye. . . . **Robert W. Merry** *is a staff writer for the* National Observer. . . . **John Simon** *is film critic for* New York *magazine.*

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"Caught with your Kierkegaard down that time."

"Idol's got feet of Klee."

"Hello, Dali, well hello, Dali."

Now I admire the pun: it's a country cousin of metaphor. But De Vries' punishing dialogue notes, quarantines for your inspection, a particular attitude. The pun is more than word exercise: among coffee-table intellectuals it is an unpretty condescension. It implies in-group familiarity with language. And when it chaffs a famous name, there is that vulgar sense of patronization. Hell, if you can say "Kierkegaard down," you don't have to read him. We all do it now and then, and shouldn't. The habit is nasty, pretentious, like calling T. S. Eliot, Tom.

One rainy day a friend picked up *I Hear America Swinging*. "Well," he said, "I've read fifty pages. It's fun. But I won't finish it: I'd hate to find out that I'd been wasting my time." We expect an awful lot of fiction: cures for menopause, pentecostal moments. *I Hear America Swinging* can't do that; doesn't want to. But it is an agreeable book. □

The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales
By Bruno Bettelheim
Knopf, 323 pp., $12.50

FROGS AND FREUDIANS

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

Schiller once wrote, "Deeper meaning resides in the fairy stories told to me in my childhood than in the truth that is taught by life."

"Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom. It is as true as sunbeams," wrote Douglas Jerrold, the nineteenth century British editor and playwright.

The literature about the ancient folklore of fantasy and magic that we call "fairy tales" is almost as voluminous as the literature of fairy tales. But *The Uses of Enchantment* by Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, the eminent child psychologist, is the first systematic discussion from the psychoanalytical point of view of the effect of fairy tales on the child's mind and on the formation of his character. This highly readable book, addressed to parents, should do a great deal to persuade them to restore the once-beloved fairy tales to their place on the bookshelves of America's nurseries.

PARENTS, at least sophisticated parents, began to put fairy tales on the nursery banned list sometime in the 1920s or '30s, when the discoveries of psychoanalysis revealed that their dimpled little darlings were shockingly full of violent emotions, destructive impulses, wild imaginings, and sadistic—even murderous—fancies. (A grown man, seized by the violent and uncontrolled emotions that wrack four-year-old junior in a tantrum, would wreck the whole house and kill anyone who tried to restrain him.) Many midcentury educators and psychologists believed that fairy tales, in which small children were devoured by wolves and Fe-Fi-Fo-Fum giants or changed into frogs or stones by evil spirits, would not only encourage children in their sadistic fantasizing and "antisocial" (bad) behavior, but would increase their irrational terror of things that go bump in the night. But, paradoxically, these educators' main objection to fairy tales seems to have been that, despite the gruesome hazards and perilous adventures the young heroes and heroines encountered, they always triumphed and lived "happily ever after." Thus, it was the conventional parental wisdom that fairy-tale reading was not only a nightmare trip for youngsters, but an escape from "reality." What "reality" was, these anti-fairy-tale parents and educators did not specify, except that it was something human beings should be required to face from the cradle to the grave.

With the view that the child must be taught to face reality, Dr. Bettelheim thoroughly agrees. But, "By dealing with universal human problems, particularly those which preoccupy the child's mind, [fairy stories] speak to his budding ego, and encourage its development, while at the same time relieving preconscious and unconscious pressures." And, "Fairy tales intimate that a rewarding good life is within one's grasp—but only if one does not shy away from the hazardous struggles, without which one can never achieve true identity."

The child is "father to the man" (and mother to the woman). Fairy tales, with their symbolic externalizations of the enormous and bewildering emotional problems the child confronts "alone and afraid, in a world he never made," teach him how, with courage and wiv a little bit o' luck (represented by magic), he can slay or outwit his personal dragons. No need to be downhearted because he is a dwarf, a stupid little dwarf, in a world of clever giants called adults.

Dr. Bettelheim explicates convincingly (if sometimes too exhaustively) just how certain famous fairy tales help children to cope with their inchoate feelings of helplessness and inadequacy, with their terrifying awareness of their own littleness and ignorance. He himself enchants, describing how the child is aided in surmounting his unconscious frustrations, anxieties, and hates by identifying with fairy-tale heroes and heroines. The "uses of enchantment" are also moral. Fairy tales, while making their positive psychological contribution to the child's capacity to be "manly" or "womanly" in the face of danger, also instill a sense of right and wrong, without preaching or moralizing. "In fairy tales, as in life, punishment, or fear of it, is only a limited deterrent to crime. The conviction that crime does not pay is a much more effective deterrent, and that is why, in fairy tales, the bad person always loses out. It is not the fact that virtue wins out in the end which promotes morality, but that the hero is most attractive to the child, who identifies with the hero in all his struggles." The evil that is omnipresent in fairy stories (as it is in the real world) is there precisely so that the heroes and heroines may, by brave and virtuous conduct, combat and overcome it, and reap the just rewards of virtue—symbolized by winning the handsome and all-wise Prince, or the beautiful and all-good Princess, and "living happily ever after."

It should come as no surprise to the sophisticated parents who will read—one hopes, in great numbers—Dr. Bettelheim's book that the child lives in a more or less closed "Oedipal" world, and that both the good and the bad giants and witches, Kings and Queens, are subconsciously seen as surrogates for dear—or mean old—Daddy, and

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darling—or nasty old—Mommy. Ogres and kind wizards, wicked witches and good fairies, help children to cope with—and resolve—their love-hate relations with the monsters and monarchs of nursery-land—their parents.

Adults who, like myself, were fortunate enough (as it now seems) to grow up on the enchantments of Hans Christian Andersen, the brothers Grimm, and Andrew Lang, will greatly enjoy Bettelheim's analyses of the particular psychoanalytic content of their favorite fairy tales. We certainly never guessed how "Jack, the Giant Killer," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Snow White," "Cinderella," and "Hansel and Gretel" helped us to wrestle with our separation anxieties, inferiority "complexes," sibling rivalries, and Oedipal drives.

Dr. Bettelheim deserves the highest award of Fairyland, the Peter Pan Pulitzer, for keeping Tinker Bell and all fairy stories alive for our children. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ !!!!!! Now Available! Howard Norton, Bob Slosser, *The Miracle of Jimmy Carter* (Logos International, $1.95) !!!!!!!

■ More August Titles: Thomas Molnar argues in his new book, *Authority and Its Enemies* (Arlington House, $7.95), that authority is by nature egalitarian. . . . Paul Johnson, author of a biography of Pope John XXIII, has written *A History of Christianity* (Atheneum, $20). . . . "How is the Spirit talking to us *today*, becomes the question; and, as might be expected, He is coming in loud and clear from the left": so argues James K. Fitzpatrick in *Jesus Christ before He Became a Superstar* (Arlington House, $7.95). . . . Lawrence Welk, with Bernice McGeehan, has produced *Your America* (Prentice-Hall, $7.95). Blaaaaaaaaah. . . . Pearl Bailey's *Hurry Up, America, and Spit* (Harcourt, $5.95) is a collection of prose and poetry that is morally sincere but politically what the pros call goo-goo. . . . *Sons Come and Go, Mothers Hang in Forever* (McGraw-Hill, $7.95) is William Saroyan's sixth memoir.

Herbert Malloy Mason Jr., in *The United States Air Force: A Turbulent History* (Mason/Charter, $12.95), begins his study in 1915, when the USAF was a branch of the Signal Corps, had 29 officers, 155 enlisted men, and eight planes, and didn't need to worry about the Russian Czar. . . . *The Will Rogers Scrapbook* (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95; paper, $6.95) is selected and edited by Bryan B. Sterling and consists of a brief autobiography left unfinished at Rogers' death in 1935, some rare photos, and interviews with friends. . . . Walter Wagner offers you *Beverly Hills: The Golden Ghetto* (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.50). Bring on the locusts! . . . Billy Graham has obligingly written an introduction to Gerald S. Strober's *A Day in Billy's Life* (Doubleday, $4.95). . . . Jeanne Tetrault and Sherilyn Thomas are bringing out *Country Women: A Handbook for the New Farmer* (Doubleday/Anchor, $12.95). Readers are warned that a recent study proves that male chauvinism is endemic in rural areas, and that consequently the ladies there live shortened lives. But if all you want is to learn how to kill a goat . . .

■ A Great American Poet's First Prose Work!!! Bastard Son of a Dime-a-Dance Hostess Describes Search for His Pa! Don't miss Rod McKuen's new book, *Finding My Father: One Man's Search for Identity* (Coward, McCann, $7.95). "Indisputably the greatest piece of autobiographical writing in America since Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*"—D. Keith Mano, Author, Christian, Publicist.

The President Makers: From Mark Hanna to Joseph P. Kennedy
By Francis Russell
Little, Brown, 407 pp., $12.50

TROLLS AT THE PRIVY DOOR

DAVID BRUDNOY

What a pile of gnomes and knaves and ice-water-in-the-veins manipulators they were, these eight powers behind the throne (or at least powers behind the throne-seekers)! And what a splendidly conceived and splendidly realized book Francis Russell has constructed of their careers!

Who made George Washington President? Martha? Hardly. And Lincoln? The missus pushed him, but circumstances and his own calculating maneuvers brought him to the White House. None of our Presidents made it entirely on his own, but some can fairly be said to have grasped the brass ring without the crucial efforts of one identifiable person.

Not so the eight Presidents Mr. Russell examines, each of whom required a shove from behind: from an avatar in some cases; a cynical opportunist in others; a jealous, spiteful, and arrogant Founding Father in the last instance of Russell's eight. Hanna and Kennedy *père* are best known to the general reader, and Louis Howe, probably, is a familiar name to those old enough to remember That Man in the White House. One is almost certainly a surprise except to historians: Theodore Roosevelt, himself initially a President by accident (his Thomas Platt was a President-maker in spite of himself), secured the Presidency for Taft, the genial, affable, retiring tub of a jurist who had never wanted anything more—nor for many years anything less—than the Chief Justiceship, and evidently accepted the Presidency more because "dear Theodore" insisted than because he fancied it himself.

Francis Russell tells all the old familiar stories with easy casualness, and adds a wealth of material little remembered except by specialists. Marcus Alonzo Hanna fabricated McKinley out of whole cloth, had the good fortune to run his man against the impossible William Jennings Bryan, and operated a vast and sophisticated propaganda machine that brought McKinley to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue with no demonstrated capacity for residing there. Thomas Platt, meanwhile, wanted Governor Teddy Roosevelt out of New York, so the reluctant TR found himself pushed upstairs, to the Vice Presidency, despite Hanna's quite sensible doubts about the ploy: "Don't any of you realize," Hanna shouted to Platt, "that there's only one life between that madman and the White House?"

TR dearly loved Taft, though Taft's later failure to model his every presidential action on Teddy's brought the two to catastrophic conflict in 1912. In fact, even as Platt was TR's unwilling President-maker, TR was in effect Wilson's President-maker, since Roosevelt's battle with Taft split the Republican vote and made possible the election of *any* Democrat in 1912.

The Democrat that year was Wilson, the martyr Woodrow, as Mencken called him later, the insufferable prig who let Colonel George Harvey ease him from an academic dead-end as the frustrated president of Princeton up to the governorship of New Jersey and then, two years later, the Presidency. The Harvey-Wilson relationship demonstrates, as well as any in this book, the

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awkwardness invariably developing between the President and his maker; Harvey not only got short shrift from the victorious Wilson, in time he and the President became bitter enemies, the creation and the creator despising each other with rare intensity.

Harry Daugherty found his horse to ride—a horse named Warren Gamaliel Harding, arguably the least qualified President of all—outside a privy door at a Republican rally in Richmond, Ohio. It was as happenstance as that. Some 21 years later, the hack Ohio politician who *looked* like a President finally won the role to fit his image. Eventually, Daugherty helped ruin his protégé's reputation for all time.

The President Makers is chock-full of delicious anecdotes, virtually every page a delight to read. My favorites come in the chapter on Frank Stearns, who "made" Coolidge, this century's greatest President. Stearns—"Lord Lingerie" he was called, owing to his ownership of a fashionable Boston ladies store—landed on the maddeningly taciturn wisp of a fellow from Vermont, who transplanted himself to Massachusetts and by a series of accidents quickly ascended to higher and ever higher office. Of this Coolidge, who was (as Dorothy Parker put it) weaned on a pickle, Stearns fashioned a statesman, of sorts. If only for the Coolidge legend, and the Coolidge reality of laissez-faire administration, the nation owes an enormous debt of gratitude to Stearns, who wanted nothing from Coolidge but to see Coolidge in the White House; he called himself "the President's errand boy" and was content.

Louis Howe was called "the medieval gnome" and looked like one. Only Eleanor can be said to have had as much to do with Franklin Roosevelt's rise to the Presidency as this fragile, gutsy, brilliant little man.

The last of the eight President-makers, Joe Kennedy, has been gone only seven years. Russell paints this difficult, dreadful man with a modulated palette, and ends, with that beautiful prose for which he is justly known, on a scene of the old man, paralyzed, informed of his son John's death, his "sunken face remain[ing] immobile . . . a tear ran down his cheek, once he seemed to cry out Jack's name." Think what one will of the Kennedys, past, present, and future, the machinations of the father of the tribe provoke a certain admiration for their technical brilliance.

Russell's book is long but it's a quick and delightful read. I wish he had given us one more chapter, fifty or sixty pages of analysis of the most bizarre and complex President-maker of them all, only the second President-maker who was President as well—the President-maker whose creation sits today in the White House. A Francis Russell chapter on Richard Nixon would have been a fabulous addition to a first-rate book. □

A New Life of Anton Chekhov
By Ronald Hingley
Knopf, 352 pp., $12.50

STRICTLY BIOGRAPHY

JOHN SIMON

Twenty-five years after his first book on Chekhov, Ronald Hingley, who teaches Slavic literature at Oxford and is currently editing and translating into English the complete works of Chekhov, has come out with an expanded, thorough, though almost exclusively biographical, study entitled *A New Life of Anton Chekhov*. As he modestly puts it, the book is meant not to be a critical work, but to correct some of his own youthful misconceptions and omissions, and also lay to rest misrepresentations of the master still prevalent in Russia as elsewhere, making of him either the melancholy bard of the czarist twilight or the enthusiastic prophet of the Revolution, and, in his private life, either a moody recluse or a plaster saint.

To be sure, there have been isolated instances of a true understanding of Chekhov even in English—notably in the biographical-critical material appended by Simon Karlinsky to his and M. H. Heim's selection from Chekhov's letters. However, Professor Hingley's book is the first full-length account of Chekhov in English that makes extensive use of all the latest available Russian source material (much is still bowdlerized or simply withheld by the Soviets), and that tries to see Chekhov in the round, warts and all. It is, on the whole, a commendable performance, making for a sound, generally readable narrative, leaving out little if anything of importance, and having the becoming trait of not pretending to know the unknowable. Wherever necessary, alternative possibilities and guarded speculations are proffered instead of the usual sweeping, precarious pronouncements.

Yet there are drawbacks, too. Worst of these is an utterly undistinguished, sometimes even clumsy, style that tends to have an archaic or didactic tone, and comprises sentences like "Did his, of all people's, soul—in heaven's name!—*explode*?" or "We now take farewell of Chekhov the short-story writer." One could also do without the linguistic lapses ("titivating" for titillating; "one of those . . . who has") and the occasional plumed word ("swived," "equipollent") that sticks awkwardly out of the bland context. There is, too, a certain repetitiousness: a perfectly sound speculation about why Chekhov, though a physician, long refused to recognize his tuberculosis is indulged in once or twice too often. Altogether, the most sophisticated readers may echo Bunin's observation, "If that profound and complex soul is to be properly appreciated, someone very great, with deep insight, must write of the life and work of that *incomparable* (Tolstoy's expression) artist."

But Hingley's book is at least free from modish affectations, and consigns its critical apparatus wisely to a few succinct appendices; it also draws amply on pungent quotations from the (mostly private) writings and sayings of Chekhov and those who knew him. What emerges is a figure rich in antinomies: both convivial and shy, modest and proud, liberal and conservative, in love with his work and dreading it, intensely aware of women and backing away from them, extremely generous and kind yet not above an occasional bit of selfishness or inconsiderateness, doing good works in abundance yet the sworn enemy of Causes. Among these real or seeming contradictions—some of them part of most artists' makeup, some of them more imaginary than real, and some flagrantly, spectacularly Chekhov's own—Hingley makes his way warily and reasonably, showing us a protagonist more pranking and merry than melancholy, committed to helping his fellow men without harboring rosy illusions about them, and, more than anything, imbued with common sense.

We follow the by now fairly well established main phases of Chekhov's life: the provincial schoolboy, grandson of a serf and son of a religious zealot, unsuccessful shopkeeper, and petty tyrant; the young man who, arrived in Moscow, becomes a medical student and tireless journalist, turning out trivial,

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pseudonymous comic sketches by the ream to support himself, his father, mother, sister, several brothers, and an occasional aunt; the gradually more successful story-teller and playwright who first enjoys, then flees fame, and undertakes such a heroic task as the murderously difficult journey to Sakhalin, the Russian Devil's Island off the Siberian coast, there to examine the monstrous prison conditions and eventually bring about some reforms; the literary lion at last recognized by almost all, who divides his time between the whirl of the twin capitals and a country estate where he truly farms, while also acting as doctor, school inspector and builder, census taker, and all-round benefactor of the peasantry far and wide, dipping heavily into his own pocket and precious time; the cosmopolitan traveler and Moscow Art Theater playwright, cynosure of literary and theatrical ladies whom he refuses to take seriously, while his writing becomes ever more subtly refined; finally, the doomed invalid of Yalta, the last great man of Russian letters, married more or less happily, still doing arduous and magnanimous things for many individuals and institutions (e.g., supplying his native town with a well-stocked library at his own expense), fighting with his greedy publisher, and hatching plans for a future that wasn't to be.

Mr. Hingley's account of Chekhov's somewhat bizarre marriage to the actress Olga Knipper is particularly good in refraining from oversimplification; equally fine is the chronicle of Chekhov's relations with older and younger literary figures. The author's death in 1904, at the age of 44, is evoked unsentimentally, and there is a conclusion that sets the entire career in some kind of focus. Perhaps the most original sections concern Chekhov's "undersexedness" and his evasive attitudes toward often adoring women. Possibly the book's greatest lack is due to Hingley's inability to come up with pregnant formulations, such as that by the Soviet critic Kornei Chukovsky, who concluded that Chekhov's participation in life was so intense as to make many contemporary men of letters, in contrast, veritable Oblomovs (after Goncharov's hero who spent most of his life loung-

THE Right BOOKS

M. STANTON EVANS

THROUGH the passage of time and the diligence of scholars, it is increasingly possible to measure out the wages of detente.

From a military standpoint, the balance is tipping dramatically against us. For those who doubt this fact, I recommend a couple of hours with the National Strategy Information Center's disturbing volume *Arms, Men, and Military Budgets* (Crane, Russak, $4.95), edited by William Schneider Jr. and Francis P. Hoeber. The verdict of this study, backed by a massive show of evidence, is that America's defenses are falling down around our ears.

Contrary to the usual plaint that we are wasting billions on military gewgaws, the authors argue we have been "disinvesting" in defense at an alarming clip. In constant-dollar terms, our military outlays have declined from the equivalent of $184 billion in 1952 to roughly $100 billion today, and from 15 per cent of GNP to 5.4 per cent. Since 1971, we are informed, "congressional budget cuts and inflation have reduced real defense resources by $45 billion, or an average of $9 billion a year."

Moreover, much of the apparent raw-dollar increase in defense expenditure has been eaten up by personnel costs, which accounted for 42 per cent of the military budget in 1964 and have since expanded to 52 per cent. Between the lowered ceiling of purchasing power and the raised floor of military pay scales, we find the pinched remains of research and development (down 40 per cent from 1964 in constant dollars) and strategic procurement (down 70 per cent since 1961 on the same corrected basis).

The grim results of this procedure have shown themselves in our strategic inventory. We have our missile subs and MIRVs, of course, but we have acquired no new strategic missiles since 1967; our ageing bomber fleet is dependent on a plane designed in 1948; we have totally abandoned our effort to deploy antimissile defenses; and the number of U.S. warships in commission has declined, since 1964, by half. Domestic politics and strategic confusion are sending our defenses the way of the Cheshire cat.

While all this is occurring, the Soviets are straining every sinew to improve their own position. There are epistemological problems here, since Moscow tends to lie on principle, but the evidence suggests a mighty program to surpass the United States in every military category. And the detente-inspired agreements setting limits on numbers of offensive weapons (higher for them, lower for us) gives them plenty of leeway for doing exactly that. The authors estimate that an American effort comparable to the Soviet one would cost $200 billion annually.

WHY HAS it happened? An answer is provided by Ray S. Cline of the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies in a well-constructed survey entitled *World Power Assessment* (Westview Press, $12.75). Cline, a former official of the CIA, marshals the data that determine the potential of nations: territory, population, raw materials, productive power. He concludes that, by every material standard, the United States is immensely stronger than the Soviet Union. (To take the obvious instance, our GNP in 1973 was $1.3 trillion, double the corresponding figure for the Soviets.)

Yet despite these factors, America's military continues to wither, while the Soviet Union's continues to expand, and Communist power asserts itself in every quarter of the globe: Indochina, the Middle East, Angola, even Western Europe. The difference, as Cline's imaginative computation shows us, is a matter of morale and intellect, deficiencies embodied in, and accentuated by, detente.

The conclusion of both studies is that America is losing the battle for strategic position because we have, quite simply, opted out. The Soviets are trying to win, while we prefer to invent some graceful reason for losing. As these books demonstrate, there is much we can do to change that—if we have the will. □

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ing on a sofa). That Hingley tells us little about the writings may be justifiable in a strict biography; Chekhov's two main artistic features, truthfulness to life and simplicity of utterance, emerge clearly enough even as is. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

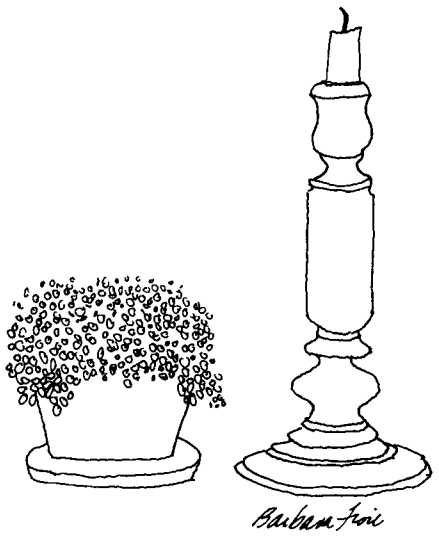
HOW TO BE GOOD, *or, The Somewhat Tricky Business of Attaining Moral Virtue in a Society That's Not Just Corrupt but Corrupting, without Being Completely Out-of-It, by L. Rust Hills (Doubleday, 248 pp., $7.95).* This is a witty book. Mr. Hills takes a little getting used to: after a while one perceives that the wit is not free-standing, gratuitously mocking a serious theme, but, like the Porter's Scene, helps the action both by relieving and by counterpointing it. What is more, it is a downright helpful book in an age of such powerful sewer flow: Mr. Hills indicates several imaginative ways to reach higher ground and to maintain oneself there with contentment and even style. The writing is snappy and aphoristic, some of the aphorisms arresting. Here is one that resonated in me for a couple of days: "In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts . . . they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty." Well, the aphorism is Emerson's, but Hills gets credit not just for quoting it, but for providing a fresh and sensible garden of words for the display of such fragrant perennials. Hills knows what he is about: he's foxy but not cynical. He's done some reading, and he's done some thinking. He knows how to close a circle after a wide, rich loop. If you want to be good, this book can help.

JOHN KILEY

BURKE'S STEERAGE, *by Tom Burke (Putnam, 379 pp., $10).* Rex Reed with substance and grace: that is the Burke interviews with two dozen leading personalities of stage, screen, and tube. Like Reed, Burke goes for the tender parts, and turns a shiv in half his victims' guts; but these pieces from *Esquire*, *Rolling Stone*, the *New York Times*, and a few other, lesser publications are informed, uniformly, with a vast intelligence and a researcher's homework. And they are delicious fun: Geraldo Rivera ("Something is wrong. He is demonstrably intelligent, conspicuously honest, scrupulously benevolent, and something is wrong, something in his aura is minutely, perilously tilted off axis, but what?"); Truman Capote, who speaks, Burke knows, not in *italics*, but in CAPITALS, lounging in his frivolous opulence and making up stories with the born liar's ease; the siblings Fonda, preening and proud; Ryan O'Neal, the sheik of Malibu—but let us pause on Ryan O'Neal, Burke's interview with whom in *Esquire* did the (or, as Truman would say, THE) number on this stunning creature. "In Hollywood now, if there is a nuclear equivalent of Doug [Fairbanks], picaresque demigod, it's not recalcitrant young Fonda, nor phlegmatic Beatty, nor sobersides Voight, nor Newman of the Democratic politics and the stolid wife, nor Redford who, for God's sake, lives in *Idaho*. No, it is this man, prancing down the Malibu surf line from his beach house, [whose] teeth never required corrective therapy, there were never irregularities in his nose or jaw to subdue," who surrounds himself with beauty like unto himself, as a true son of Hollywood deserves. Tom Burke takes 'em all on; eleven of twelve of the pieces in this wicked anthology are gems, all are worth a second reading.

DAVID BRUDNOY

BEYOND CULTURE, *by Edward T. Hall (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 256 pp., $7.95).* That man is a prisoner of his culture is keenly appreciated by any victim of the bureaucratic juggernaut or of a computer gone berserk. Professor Hall's scholarly treatise, which is at times burdened by anthropological jargon, examines the nature of that entrapment and suggests a means of escape. The author's central thesis is that man's cultural extensions must be brought into balance with his biological drives. Otherwise, life becomes a mindless preoccupation with process at the expense of human understanding. Fair enough. But, alas, Hall's solution takes a page from Willkie's *One World*—it offers



the bromide of universality. Cultural barriers must be transcended, he asserts; intercultural understanding depends upon man's willingness to bridge the gap between cultures, which is all that is needed to bounce civilizations into the Shangri-La of international brotherhood. Once he discards the shackles of parochialism for the succor of interdependence, man will finally be able to advance beyond his particular culture. Maybe so (although until the millennium arrives it would be nice to have Mr. Moynihan back in the ring). But Mr. Hall does not explain why one enormous transnational culture would be a less oppressive jail-warden of the human psyche than the culture of a single nation.

ALAN L. MILLER

NEWSMAKING, *by Bernard Roshco (University of Chicago Press, 160 pp., $10).* A Watergate figure and close associate of mine asked superstar reporter Bob Woodward, at the height of it all, if the cloudy ethics and godlike overtones of investigative journalism didn't trouble him sometimes. Woodward's reply could stand as a credo for much of the national press in our time. "The facts," he said reverently, "have an existential purity all their own." Wakening the news profession out of such narcissistic fantasies and into a more detached self-awareness must be an urgent priority for American society in the later 1970s. And why couldn't one of the first voices of that awakening come from within the profession itself, from somebody the hardboiled boys on the beat would listen to? Maybe even from an ex-reporter who has also worked the other side of the fence as a government press officer in Washington, and who has bolstered his academic credentials by teaching at Columbia? To pack the needed weight, couldn't his book be a scholarly work, based on that driest and most abstruse of all disciplines, sociology? Well, it could be, and in fact it is: Roshco is the man and *Newsmaking* is the book. A long stride toward the de-mystification of the Fourth Estate is the welcome result. "Much critical discussion of the news media implicitly treats them and their employees as unique," Roshco observes. "Actually, news organizations, in many ways, are comparable to other large organizations . . . and reporters respond much like other employees who must come to terms with their superiors." From this clear, simple premise he builds a study of newsmaking as a social process and news content as a social product that seems, to this reader, equally useful for the working newsman, the sociologist, and the layman. Especially valuable is the distinction Roscho draws between "knowledge about" a given topic as the province of science, and the more superficial "acquaintance with" the same subject, to which news coverage commonly limits itself. A man with no discernible axe to grind, Roshco reaches conclusions that will by turns delight and discomfit both the Agnewites and the Dan Rather crowd. But his careful scholarship provides a third reference point from which, triangulating with recent political-cultural critiques of media performance by Efron, Epstein, and others, and with incisive personal memoirs like Time-Lifer Thomas Griffith's *How True* (1974), we may better fix the current position of American journalism and chart its course ahead.

JOHN K. ANDREWS JR.

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WAUGH

(Continued from page 900)

The main reason that young people today are so idle, ignorant, incurious, selfish, and timid, I am convinced, is simply that none of them has ever experienced discomfort, let alone physical suffering. It may seem officious, even sadistic to inflict it on them now, but there comes a time when a man begins to worry about who will look after him in his old age, and I simply don't trust the present crowd. Another point is that there can be no enjoyment in life unless one has first experienced some equivalent deprivation with which to compare it.

Recently, I went to dinner with some hospitable neighbors whose delicious meal was rounded off by a pudding accompanied by a Château d'Yquem 1949. Throughout the meal, the talk was of our schooldays, when we did drink the stale of horses and the gilded puddle which beasts would cough at. I thought of my days in the army, when I did eat strange flesh which some did die to look on. Obviously, Antony would not have appreciated Cleopatra so much if he had not had to make do with horses for so much of his career.

The most cogent argument against the re-introduction of National Service has always been that the electorate won't buy it. But the time is fast approaching when the electorate is going to be confronted with the fact that few, if any, of its most cherished desires are economically viable: that higher wages for less work, lower taxes for greater public expenditure, more privileges for fewer obligations must lead to inflation, unemployment, and economic collapse; and however much our oily politicians promise to deliver the goods, the final result will always be the same: their wretched voters will be reduced to eating each other.

So our precious parliamentary system is going to have to *reculer un peu pour mieux sauter*, as the French have it; allow itself to get a little worse before it gets better, as our politicians like to say; or, in plain English, put a sock in itself. Next week I shall probably discuss the various National Leaders on offer—Enoch, Jack Jones, Canon Collins, General Sir Walker Walker-Walker, Bernard Dru, etc.—and debate whether we might not do better to appoint some outsider—an Unknown Mental Patient, for instance—to the job. □

WILLIAMSON

(Continued from page 899)

dulged itself shamelessly in mindless festivities: against the express directions of a federal agency, it set off firecrackers and blew a few people to pieces; in defiance of the sanctions of the Humane Society, which prohibits harassing an animal for fun, it held a few greased-pig contests. The town of Newport, R.I. held an unusually lavish Tall Ships ball to which it invited the plutocracy, whose gyrations the commoners happily ate up from the society pages. When the ships arrived at New York they held a regatta that was positively medieval in its pageantry; as columnist Harriet Van Horne had urged that "Anxious and depressed people should not be herded into the cheering section," gracious New Yorkers climbed into the reviewing stands under their own steam. The city threw the sailors a spectacular ticker-tape parade up Broadway, and everybody ignored the several hundred picketers who congregated under the bows of the Chilean *Esmeralda* with signs reading, "What can fascists add to our Bicentennial?" In Washington, Rifkin's Beggars' Army was *non est*, although Jane Fonda turned up in the capital to prate of grapes and dictators. But the *pièce de résistance* followed two days later with—irony of ironies, Mr. Rifkin!—the state visit from Her Britannic Majesty the Queen Elizabeth, over whom the descendants of her former subjects—by now weaned away, one might have thought, to the more populist charms of Jimmy Carter—swooned to the dipping of pennants and the strains of imperialist anthems. Happy Rockefeller wowed a White House reception with Ritz-sized diamonds calculated to knock out the Queen's eyes; at the Lincoln Memorial a *citoyen* leaned out of the crowd to tell Queen Elizabeth, "You're such a credit to the world!" The ceremonies were marred only by President Ford's unchivalrous behavior in addressing a speech to the Queen with his back to her, and by an honor guard's breach of taste in bearing the Union Jack upside down.

But what to expect of a gang that tried to fob the country off with a Freedom Train and a multimillion-dollar bureaucracy? Perhaps even the goo-goos, if they are not still nursing their disappointment with the rest of us, are reflecting even now that America, once again, has been saved from the Worst That Is in Us. □

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PAMELA SWIFT

Keeping up with Youth.

Jack Ford was asked . . . why the President hadn't busted him for smoking pot. Young Ford replied, "He's not a law enforcement officer." One . . . reporter was quick to point out that . . . the United States Constitution states that the President shall take care that the laws are faithfully executed.

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BUCKLEY

(Continued from page 904)

have a whole other day and night and half a day again before arriving in Chicago.

I retire to my roomette, a private sitting room by day, a bedroom by night. I wash up first, stow my clothes in the slimline closet, zip up the curtain by the door, reach up and unlatch the Murphy bed, and, backing gently into the aisle, posterior modestly covered by curtain, I pull the bed down and snap it in place, making absolutely sure that I know how to unsnap it if I desire to use the facilities at night, they being now under the bed, out of sight and reach (but alas not out of mind). I climb on in, lock the door, raise the shade to take a good-night look at the scenery, then open André Maurois' *History of France*. But the motion of the train and the background clatter of the wheels are soporific. I drop off in the middle of the War of the Devolution (gotcha). I miss entirely our stainless steel monster's 37-mile crossing of the Great Salt Lake in the early hours of the morning.

Night must fall sometime as you clitter-clatter your way across America by rail. You can't see it all. Tomorrow, heading south from Cheyenne to Denver, through the scenic Rockies, it will be rain, not dark, that impedes our view. Pike's Peak is out there somewhere. It may be the turn of an air traveler to be gladdened by it as it pokes up jaggedly through the clouds of mist and rain that envelop us into the clear skies above. Just as well, perhaps. Lev Morris (our man from the *Monitor*) has confessed that after ten days of drinking in the marvels of America, he is suffering from "scenery shock."

That's the good news; there's not much bad to go with it. We found Amtrak service quick, courteous, and efficient. The coaches and pullmans are clean and comfortable but the temperature controls on at least one leg of the trip were erratic. That may be the fault of old equipment. Next year Amtrak will be putting into service the first new sleeping cars to have been built in America in twenty years. The road beds, most of them welded steel, are on the whole good; a few rough stretches on the *Zephyr*, none that I recall on the *Southwest Limited* (Chicago to L.A.), the old *Santa Fe Superchief*.

The food is mercifully ungussied-up, well prepared and served, and inexpensive. A good steak, the most expensive item on the menu, is $6.50. Drinks are $1.50; wine, mostly California, is reasonable: $2.00 for a half-bottle of Almaden. Also available are reasonably priced snacks and drinks in the Dome and Lounge cars, which are open from early in the morning to late at night on all these trains. As a rule of thumb you can figure coach and first-class fares on Amtrak to be slightly higher than economy and first-class air fares respectively. The *Zephyr* fare (San Francisco–Chicago) is $105 coach, $184 for a roomette (slightly higher in peak travel seasons); Amtrak also now has a U.S. Rail Pass—modeled on the Eurail Pass—which entitles you to as much riding of the rails as you want in 14 days, for $250. Reservations and ticketing have been computerized; and starting this summer there will be 41 packaged tours (Amtours: check with your travel agent) tied in with the transcontinental and California *Coast Starlight* trains, for those who want to break the trip with sightseeing in the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone, Disneyland, San Diego, San Simeon, Flaming Gorge, the Tetons, etc. Long-distance train travel could become an addiction. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Orators

New York, July 16—Democratic oratory, this time around as at Miami in 1972, has been of an order so low as to suggest that the poor darlings don't really have very much to say. There are some splendid speakers among the Democrats. The good Lord was prodigal in giving many of them thunderous voices, lofty thoughts, and undulating rhythm. But as to content, this is a lean, lean winter.

Concerning the first keynoter, the less said the better. One might call it: Senator Glenn Without Houston Control. Alas, Senator Glenn is not naturally gifted as an orator. But one doubts that Demosthenes could have done anything with that script.

THERE WAS, accordingly, a great stirring when Barbara Jordan was introduced. She mounted the podium with an oratorical reputation, earned at the impeachment investigation by the House committee, that is securely based in her great sense of rhythm, and a diction that lends itself to the orotundities of Convention rhetoric. It is fortunate that her natural eloquence shored her up, because what she said was, with the exception of a phrase or two, a fugitive insight here or there, utterly vaporous. Everyone cooed after she had finished speaking, and there was talk of the "great oration." I doubt if anybody who heard the speech could have written a fifty-word paraphrase of its substance. Moreover, she committed the usual rhetorical sins. Her favorite is paralepsis. "I could easily spend this time praising the accomplishments of this party and attacking the record of the Republicans. I do not choose to do that." Only she goes on to do *exactly* that. Or, "I could list the many problems which cause people to feel cynical, frustrated, and angry . . ."—she then proceeds to list these problems, and closes the catalogue by saying, "I do not choose to do that."

Her insight is that America needs a sense of community. The intellectual travesty is the notion that the Democratic Party, which is an agglomeration of special interests, is concerned with anything of the sort. Poor George Wallace, a physical wreck, talks about the "monstrous bureaucracy" that recently forbade a father-and-son banquet on the grounds that it was sexist: but nobody stirred—that might have offended the libbers. Jerry Wurf spoke about the need to enfranchise civil servants, relieving them of the disabilities of the Hatch Act—by which he meant he wants his gang to be more powerful politically. Edmund Muskie—believe me—spoke about the need to "say yes to fair labor standards," as if everywhere in America, man was in chains. Barbara Jordan spoke about the great common sense of the American people, and I for one believe in it. It is best validated by the ratings. All three of the networks carrying the Democratic Convention combined got a lower rating than a showing of the film *Casablanca*. That was made in 1943, which is about the time the orators at this Convention last had a fresh thought.

Speaking of old thoughts reminds me of Hubert Humphrey. I used to wonder how Billy Graham manages to keep crowds enthralled when speaking English to Koreans, or Indians, or Tierra del Fuegoans. I discovered the other night, listening to Hubert Humphrey, that it doesn't matter what someone like Graham says, it is the noises he makes. As a matter of fact, it is something of a disadvantage to the listener that Hubert Humphrey speaks in English. He would be infinitely more pleasing if, say, he spoke in French, or German, or Swahili. The tonalities and the sonorities would be uninhibited by the strain on reason required of anyone who sits through a speech by Mr. Humphrey. His climax the other night —though his speech was, in a way, an extended climax, beginning to end—came when he shouted out that there were no Tories in Philadelphia in 1776 (which, by the way, isn't true), and there is "no room for Tories in Washington."

A Tory, Senator Humphrey wants you to understand, is a Republican. A Republican is somebody who believes in the handiwork of the men in 1776 who prevailed over the Tories. One of the articles of the faith of the Founding Fathers was: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." Humphrey wants us to hark back to the work of Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson said, "The state can only do something for the people in proportion as it can do something to the people." Like forbid father-and-son dinners. Oh yes, that was vetoed by President Ford. Elect a Democrat, and stop those vetoes. □

IT'S OKAY WITH SCRANTON

New York, July 19—On the 200th anniversary of our republic, the United States has suddenly discovered the pressing need for the "liberation of southern Africa." The phrase is picked up, intact, from our Ambassador to the United Nations, Mr. William Scranton. But that isn't all. Mr. Scranton was asked if the United States had "any objection" to the blacks' achieving "majority rule" through the use of "guerrilla warfare," and he replied, "No, that's entirely up to them."

Now one *can* look at such a statement and read it into meaninglessness. That is achieved as follows. If blacks from the surrounding areas, as from within, decide to use guerrilla warfare against Rhodesia, what could the United States do about it? Well, we could levy economic boycotts against the sponsoring countries; but, obviously, we would not do that. We could protest their actions in the United Nations; but that, by historical experience, is merely one more exercise in futility. Therefore it is strictly correct that it is

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"entirely up to" people over whom the United States has no authority, to decide how they will effect what we are pleased to call the "liberation" of Rhodesia. Presumably they could drop atom bombs on Salisbury.

But, obviously, Mr. Scranton wasn't saying something that . . . obvious. If he had been, the *Washington Post* would not have run the big headline, "U.S. Has No Objection/To Rhodesia Guerrillas." He meant to say that we have no *moral* objections to the guerrillas, even though "we're going to go right on trying to do it [i.e., achieve the liberation of southern Africa] without violence." One wonders whether Mr. Scranton's voice is truly the voice of America. Since I am one 200-millionth of America, permit me to say that his is not my voice.

Let us, to begin with, make the distinctions. We are greatly involved in an international campaign against terrorism. As recently as in the acceptance speech of Jimmy Carter, terrorism was denounced as inimical to the peace of the world. Now what do you call it when guerrilla fighters at the service of Maoist revolutionaries slither over the frontier from Mozambique and torture and kill black farmers in Rhodesia? This is the kind of thing that has been going on, and the killing of uninvolved citizens is terrorism, not guerrilla warfare—which is defined as killing armed representatives of the oppressor state. The North Vietnamese engaged in wholesale terrorism when the war against South Vietnam was launched, and their cruelty was universally denounced until it became more fashionable to denounce armed resistance provided by Americans—in whose behalf Mr. Scranton now announces his indifference to terrorism in Africa.

Again: Is it the official American position that we are indifferent to terrorism provided it is conducted at the expense of white people? Or do we assume from Mr. Scranton's comprehensive benediction that we do not object to it even if it is conducted at the expense of black people?

And two matters of definition. Are we to accept the proposition that the removal of power from the white minority in Rhodesia constitutes the "liberation" of the majority? In order to do this, one needs thorough indoctrination in Newspeak. Operating in the United Nations, Mr. Scranton is perfectly situated to take a cram course designed to make words mean something other than what they mean, but others of us have a responsibility to preserve the tablets.

Finally, what exactly do we mean by "southern Africa," the term used so loosely by Mr. Scranton? If he means that the United States is indifferent to guerrilla warfare carried on against South Africa, a country whose government we recognize, he should perhaps give Congress a ring and inform it that we are indirectly subsidizing terrorism in South Africa. Scranton knows that his words have more than a purely platonic relationship to the course of events in Africa. Indeed he said that our credibility would depend on "our help and abetment in the liberation of southern Africa." Maybe we ought to have some liberation of our own from politicians who casually commit the United States to endorsing terrorism abroad. □

BLACKBALL *New York*, July 12 —In March, the Reagan people asked to buy a half-hour's prime time and the networks said no. That struck the Reagan people as unreasonable—he had, after all, established that he was a serious contender for the Presidency; and, in due course, NBC relented. Reagan went on to prove that he is the most serious challenger of an incumbent President in this century. He has outpolled a sitting President, and at this writing is only 37 delegates behind him. Indeed, if President Ford had not appeared over the Fourth of July weekend cradled in the arms of the Statue of Liberty, with Roman candles spouting from both hands, the general migration of Republican sentiment might have moved decisively to Reagan. In any event, once again Reagan approached the networks and asked to buy a half-hour. He went first to CBS, that being the largest network, and got from CBS a flat No. (Eventually ABC agreed to carry him.)

The implications of CBS's decision should, really, be considered. The discussion is endless on the matter of the responsibility of networks and broadcasters, and the regulations of the FCC, acting on legislative mandate and confirmed (unanimously) by the Supreme Court, call for making room for matters of urgent national business. I should like to know what half-hour devoted to the political business of the nation could better serve the public interest than the opportunity to listen to the cause of the contender who has already defied American habit by bringing an incumbent President of his own party to his knees? One cannot hold Eric Sevareid responsible for the decision (indeed, I have no doubt that if Mr. Sevareid were in command, he'd have instructed the network to release the time). But Mr. Sevareid's voice is, in a way, the public voice of CBS: the strict, moralistic, duty-oriented image. That his own network should refuse Reagan, under these circumstances, one half-hour will encourage smirks when the time comes for the daily homily from CBS about good citizenship.

INEVITABLY the question arises: Would CBS have sold the time to someone else? As a rule, the networks haven't sold time to primary candidates. But what is a "rule" in such cases? Obviously if Harold Stassen were to present himself with $80,000, CBS would suggest he give it, and himself, to the Red Cross. But some primaries are of national importance. Thus the critical debate between Humphrey and McGovern on the eve of the California primary was broadcast as a public event, at no cost to the candidates. And, a few weeks ago, NBC sold a half-hour to Governor Jerry Brown of California—after he had pulled out of the race. The Governor obviously had money left over and, like a true son of Keynes, resolved to spend it for the multiplier effect.

Inevitably, as I say, distrust is aroused. Is it because Reagan is the unfashionable candidate, scorned in the bunker of Eastern Seaboard liberalism? (James Reston fever, as of this morning, is running high. About Reagan he says he will say nothing, "out of respect for the laws of libel.") A simpler way to put it is: Could you imagine CBS having said no if the candidate requesting the time had been Eugene McCarthy, on the eve of the Chicago Convention?

I confess to having set up an ambush. Because, in 1968, CBS *did* sell time for a program by McCarthy. And in 1964, it sold time to William Scranton, the liberal alternative to Barry Goldwater, when he was situated to come into the Convention with less than a third of the votes Reagan has. Let's leave it that ABC, like NBC last March, behaved responsibly. □

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By SVEND PETERSEN

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O. A man stranded on a certain island might enjoy this drink — 3 22 58 65 74 86 97 30 83

P. Slightly ill — 106 155 77 90 124 71 98 165 60 151

Q. Monument to a lady who will soon be ninety — 158 15 44 48 96 112 109 133 174 11 / 80 138 144 161 21

R. Archaic term for a priestly writer — 10 31 118 72 168 105 51

S. A *coat that a gentleman* might wear to a dinner — 12 89 113 132 175 160 140 167 171 8 / 20

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 914 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 M	2 L	3 O	4 E	5 A	6 H	7 I	8 S	9 J	10 R		11 Q	12 S		13 C	14 A	15 Q	
16 E	17 C	18 I	19 A	20 S	21 Q		22 O		23 I	24 B	25 L	26 M	27 F	28 J	29 D	30 O	31 R		32 L
33 D	34 E	35 F	36 K	37 I	38 M	39 B	40 N	41 C		42 A	43 I		44 Q	45 I	46 D		47 D	48 Q	
49 G	50 B		51 R	52 F	53 A		54 G	55 A	56 E	57 D	58 O	59 I	60 P		61 I	62 A		63 D	
64 C	65 O	66 B	67 G	68 I	69 A	70 N	71 P	72 R	73 L		74 O	75 A		76 B	77 P	78 F	79 H		80 Q
81 D	82 M	83 O		84 B	85 N	86 O		87 A	88 C		89 S	90 P	91 A	92 H	93 B	94 K		95 G	96 Q
97 O		98 P	99 J		100A	101L	102G	103M	104C	105R	106P	107G	108H		109Q	110A		111M	112Q
113S	114A		115B	116D		117M	118R	119D	120H		121K		122B	123E	124P	125N	126G	127M	128H
129C		130J	131F	132S	133Q	134L	135C	136A		137L	138Q	139H	140S	141D	142E	143F		144Q	145H
146G	147E	148D		149F	150E	151P		152E	153C	154G	155P	156A		157A	158Q		159H	160S	161Q
	162J		163C	164J	165P	166G	167S	168R	169H	170F		171S	172B		173F	174Q	175S		

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over 5'7"	L

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If height is:	Choose:
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5'7" to 5'11"	M
over 5'11"	L

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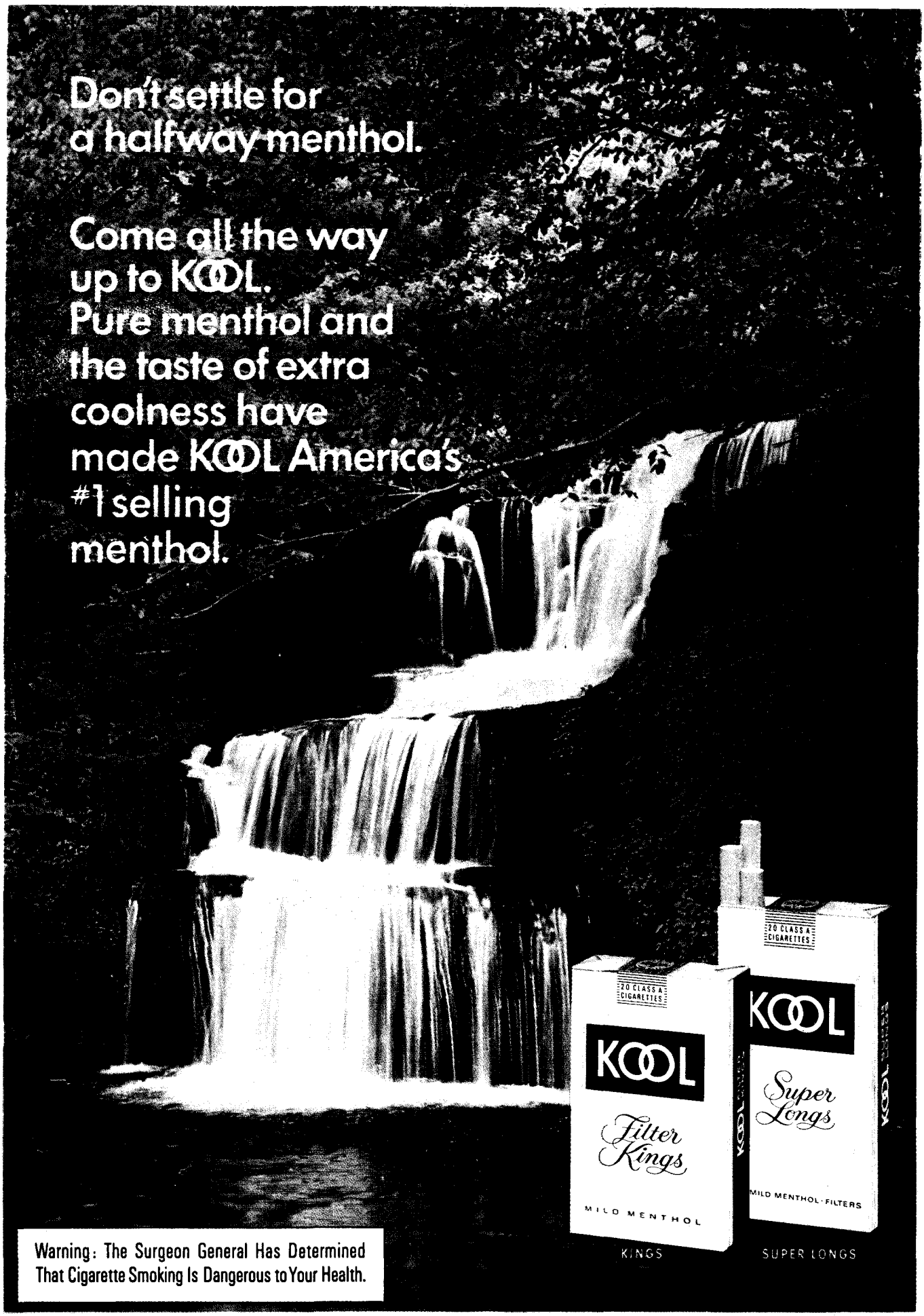
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